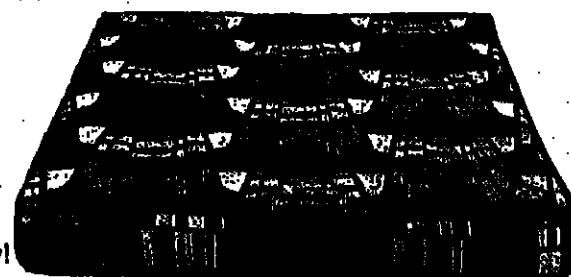


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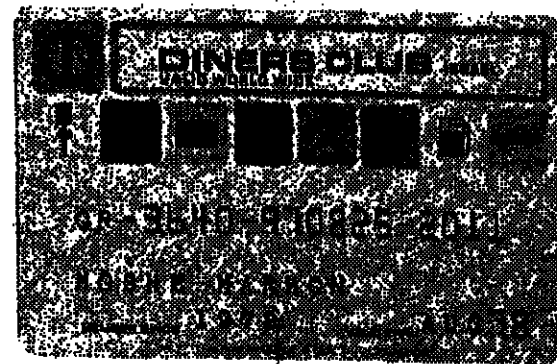
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In this issue

	Page		Page
Anan Safadi recalls the Sadat visit and sums up its implications for Israel.	5	David Lannon describes the show put on at the Jerusalem Theatre for and by the media.	10
Daniel Dishon considers Egypt's standing in the Arab world.	6	David Bernstein introduces a new Egyptian picture album of the October war.	11
Wolf Blitzer surveys the view from Washington.	7	Aaron Blitner finds out how the King David Hotel rose to a great occasion.	12
Philip Gillon gives an impressionistic account of the mood during the visit.	8	The Book Section reviews include: a translation of Micha Joseph Bin-Gurion's collection of classical Jewish folktales; a volume of poems by Yehuda Amichai; a study of Basil Liddell Hart's military thought; Max Hayward's translation of Alexander Gladkov's memories of Pasternak; novels by three Englishwomen.	14
Yosef Goell investigates the absence of demonstrations on the West Bank.	9	The Art Page. Meir Komnen, Gil Goldfine and Ephraim Harris visit galleries in the three main cities. An account of the Chicago exhibition of Miron Sima's woodcuts.	17
		Martha Meisels warms up for an energy conservation campaign.	18
		Dry Bones in a cryptic mood.	19

Cover photo: David Rubinger.

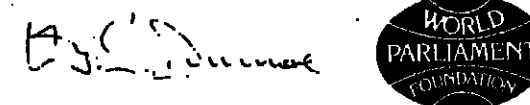
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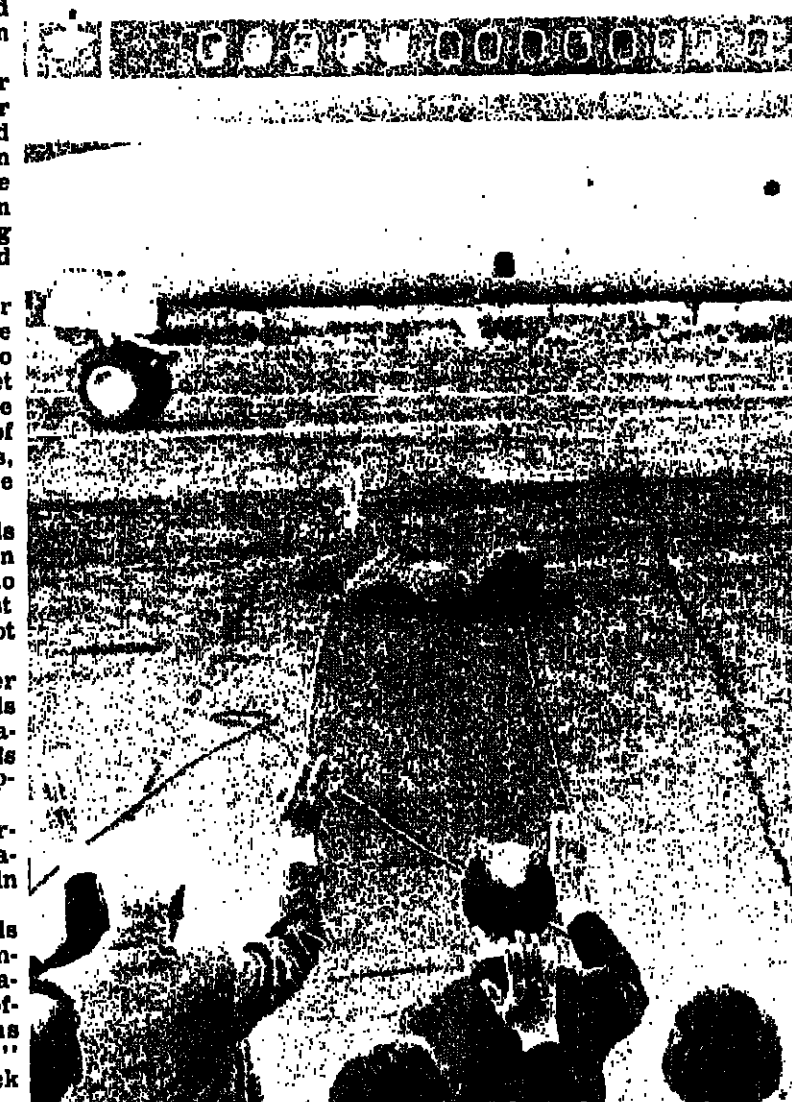
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□ Saturday, Nov. 19. Sadat arrives at Ben-Gurion Airport to the first full state reception ever to greet an Arab leader. Trumpets sound, Egyptian and Israeli flags flutter alongside each other and an Army band plays the Egyptian national anthem. Sadat is driven

ARAB REPUBLIC



"DURING THE visit of President Sadat to our country and to Jerusalem, a momentous agreement was achieved — namely, no more war, no more bloodshed, no more threats, and collaboration in order to avoid tragic

The Egyptian leader expects Israel to make substantial

Judging from the reception he received here and on his return to Cairo, there seemed to be a consensus that Sadat's visit to Jerusalem was indeed a momentous move that was worth the prompt reaction from Israel—Sadat is to survive politically and maintain the peace momentum.

WE HAVE ALL been busy trying to assess the significance of the Sadat visit for the future of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Let us pause for a moment to consider the immediate impact of the visit on Egypt's relations with the rest of the Arab world.

First, some facts. Of the 22 members of the Arab League (21 states and the PLO), only three came out in favour of the visit: Morocco, Oman and Sudan. The first two carry little, if any, weight in the Arab heartland; Sudan acted not from conviction, but in repayment of political debts incurred in the past (without Sadat's active help on more than one occasion, Sudanese President Ja'afar al-Numeiry would no longer be in power).

The PLO, Syria, Libya and Iraq were the most harshly critical; but Algeria and the United Arab Emirates did not lag far behind. Criticism in Jordan and Tunisia was more muted, but unmistakable. Lebanon has lost its own voice. Kuwait muffled its usually quite outspoken press with a special censorship regulation banning criticism of foreign Arab governments. Saudi Arabia objected in terms which, though guarded, were strong words from a regime which, in inter-Arab affairs, hardly ever speaks above a whisper.

The rest were silent, either because they had more serious trouble nearer home (Somalia, Djibouti, Mauritania) or because they thought it prudent to sit on the fence.

Initial score: three for Egypt, 10 against, eight abstentions. The 10 against included all the major Arab states.

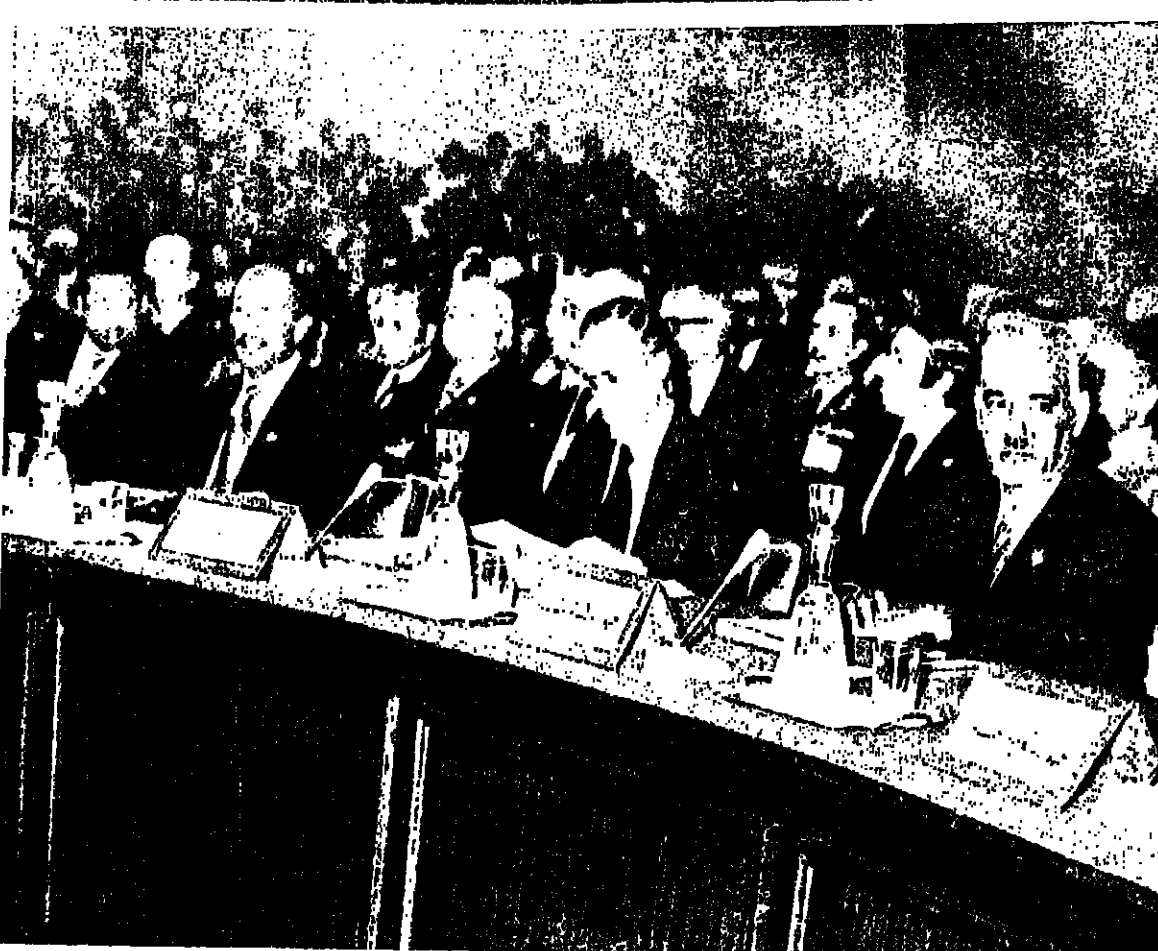
All the hostility — the physical violence against Egyptian embassies, the flag-burning, the charges of treachery, the "national mourning" — erupted before Sadat made his Knesset speech, most of it before he even arrived in Israel. After the speech, criticism died down in some quarters.

Jordan, the Gulf Emirates and Tunisia changed their tone somewhat in Egypt's favour. The Saudis did not repeat their criticism (an indication that the speech may have caused them to review their stand). Those who were most vocal to begin with stepped up their anti-Sadat propaganda in the second stage.

WHAT WAS IT that brought down Arab criticism on Sadat's head? There was the apprehension that Egypt was about to take a step that would weaken the negotiating stand of other Arab countries or ignore their interests. There was the suspicion that Egypt might give something — *de facto* recognition of Israel — which some Arabs believed should only be given much later, or not at all. And there was the overriding fear that Sadat was angling for a separate peace.

All those sentiments should have been dispelled by Sadat's speech. If the hard-core resistance, indeed condemnation, persisted nevertheless, deeper, more fundamental reasons must have been at work. Basically, these reasons revolve around the nature of Egyptian self-awareness and identity, around the very nature of Egyptian nationalism and the roots of Egypt's polity.

It was the issue of "Egyptianism" versus Pan-Arabism coming to the fore once again: whether Egypt regards itself as entitled to follow its own course, lay down its own policy and serve its own interests; or whether it is



A view of one of the Arab summit meetings (the 7th, in Rabat, 1974).

Photo: Camera Press.

AND NOW THE ARAB-ARAB CONFLICT

Current Arab criticism of Sadat is, in essence, a revival of the issue of 'Egyptianism' versus Pan-Arabism says DANIEL DISHON. He sees a difficult period ahead for the Egyptian leader, in his relations with the confrontation states.

obliged to follow the course proscribed by an all-Arab consensus, or the consensus of those Arabs who manage to agree.

This basic issue was brought out well on this occasion by two opposing declarations. One was King Khaled's statement: "Saudi Arabia believes any Arab initiative must stem from a united Arab stand"; the other, contained in the Egyptian Parliament's send-off message to Sadat, was that Egypt rejected Arab "guardianship" of its actions and conduct.

The latter was echoed by President Sadat in Monday's press conference in Jerusalem, when he was asked what he had to say to those Arab leaders who objected to his visit. He replied:

"I need not answer them. I shall say what I have to say to my own people when I am back home." Yet the day before, in the Knesset, the same man had spoken of his responsibility "to my Arab people and the entire Arab nation."

THIS AMBIGUITY in Egypt's self-perception goes back to the beginning of its independence. In the 20s, a group called the Pharaonists held that Egypt had its own individuality — continuous since antiquity — which no conqueror had changed. This individuality set it apart from other Arabs and made it different. Their opponents argued that the period

of Egyptian history relevant to the present had started with the 17th-century adoption of Islam and the Arabic language and that Egypt's identity was determined by its being part of the Arab world.

It was the latter view that came to prevail — in ideology and in political practice — when Nasser came to power in 1952. It reached its peak in the union with Syria in 1958. The break-up of the union in 1961 caused the glitter to fade somewhat. The war in Yemen, long (1962-67) and futile, faded it a little more. The Six-Day War, involving as it did the loss of Egyptian territory, caused the conflict with Israel to impinge on the Egyptian, rather than the Pan-Arab, component of patriotic sentiment.

Sadat's presidency brought about a further revival of "Egyptianism," but kept Pan-Arab sentiment alive alongside it. As illustration, let us refer to Sadat's October Paper of 1974, in which he set forth his lessons from the previous year's war.

That paper speaks of "the Egyptian personality" formed by the Nile Valley, "building its culture for 7,000 years" (i.e. for much longer than Arabic had been spoken or Islam been known). There is, the paper says, "a unique Egyptian character," constant throughout the ages, characterized by creativity, religious faith, pride — and a

preference for the works of peace rather than the arts of war. (This was written in 1974, not spoken in 1977).

In the same breath, the paper reaffirms Nasser's doctrine that Egypt is part of the Arab nation and that its historic mission is to defend the entire Arab nation against aggressors (the Crusaders, the Mongols and the Zionists are named). The other Arabs have to support Egypt — and it is made clear that in the present-day context, support means financial aid and wielding the oil-weapon on behalf of Egypt.

The paper goes out of its way to reject Arab criticism of Egypt's strategy vis-a-vis Israel after the October War. At least twice, at km. 101 and in concluding the first disengagement agreement, Sadat had broken the Arab consensus and preferred Egyptian over Arab interests. He did so again in the summer of 1974, when he tried to undercut the PLO by a dialogue with King Hussein. However, he abandoned the attempt under Arab pressure in the time to fall into line with all the others at the Rabat summit conference in October, 1974.

The next time Sadat broke away from Arab "guardianship" was in 1976, when the second Sinai disengagement agreement was signed. The price he paid for it in terms of Egypt's inter-Arab standing over one whole year is of too

recent memory to require recapitulation.

OBVIOUSLY, Sadat is now in for another very difficult period during which the Arab world, or most of it, will want to punish him for having promoted Egypt's interest as he perceived it without letting Syrian foot-dragging, Saudi-Arabian hesitancy and PLO obstruction deflect him. What will this do to him?

Clearly, the answer depends on what kind of anti-Egyptian coalition President Assad — the prime mover — will be able to put together, and what its life expectancy will be.

If Saudi Arabia persists in an anti-Egyptian line, political damage will be compounded by the very painful loss of financial aid (which would be only partly compensated for by extra funds from the West). The Saudis, however, are more likely to revert to their by now traditional role of arbiter, referee and mediator and try to restore some semblance of cooperation among the confrontation states.

Assuming that Khaled will gradually come round, the results will be felt in three ways:

□ Egypt's self-image will be tarnished. Even now, alongside the resurgent "Egyptianism," Egypt's leadership role in the Arab world remains an article of faith with the political public, the Egyptian establishment and Sadat himself. Its loss would mean a loss of prestige and self-confidence; it would conjure up the danger of Egypt's reduction to provincial status, demotion to a lower league, as it were; and it would engender a desire to fall into line again with the majority of Arab states.

□ Egypt's Arab enemies can cause physical harm to Egypt: to Egyptian institutions abroad and along the border with Libya, by instigating sabotage and other subversive action inside Egypt.

□ Those enemies can, and will, encourage Sadat's domestic opponents. The Ba'ath regimes can, and will, appeal to the Egyptian left (aided and abetted by Soviet incitement). The Libyans can, and will, appeal to Islamic sentiment and present Sadat as a Moslem who has humiliated himself before the infidels. Both can, and will, appeal to the self-styled Nasserists in Egypt who feel that Sadat has betrayed Nasser's heritage of intransigence vis-a-vis Israel, of anti-Westernism, of Arab Socialism and, above all, of Pan-Arabism.

Sadat, for his part, has doubtlessly won tremendous credit with all the many Egyptians who worry about, and want to improve, the state of the economy and the social fabric, who hope for a better standard of living and who are weary of war.

It was the paradox of Sadat's visit that he had to break Arab taboos and violate the Arab consensus in order to make a speech to the Knesset, almost every word of which could have passed muster in an all-Arab assembly. He told us that Israel will have to make hard decisions.

One hard decision he himself may eventually have to face is this: having denied Assad and Arafat, Khaled, Hussein, Gaddafi and Bakr the power to veto Egypt's mode of action, will he, when it comes to the next crunch, be willing and able to deny them the veto over the substance of his peace policies as well? □

The author is a senior research associate at Tel Aviv University's Shiloah Centre for Middle Eastern Studies.

POLLSTER Lou Harris has now confirmed what everyone here in the United States knew: President Anwar Sadat's popularity among Americans has risen dramatically in the wake of his visit to Jerusalem.

Harris says that he has never seen such a remarkable surge upwards, virtually overnight. Among Arab leaders, Sadat has always been one of the most popular here, ranking right at the top with Jordan's King Hussein.

Harris had his organization conduct a quick poll immediately after the Sadat-Begin talks had ended. More than twice as many Americans now believe that Sadat really wants to achieve peace with Israel, as compared to one year ago.

And this must certainly make Sadat happy.

Ever since he decided to move away from the Soviet Union and towards the U.S., the Egyptian President has been anxious to win new friends here.

No one can deny that his increased popularity and stature among Americans is a very important and tangible reward for his trip to Israel.

Harris says that Israel's popularity also increased as a result of the Sadat mission. But Israel was already very popular here; thus the increase for Israel was considerably more marginal.

IF EGYPT plays its cards correctly, it should have very little difficulty transforming its new popularity in American public opinion into more concrete results.

For Egypt, almost as much as for Israel, the U.S. has become the main address for seeking economic, political and even (in the long run) military assistance. During the past few years, Sadat has become increasingly aware of the fact that he would never really stand a chance of winning such badly needed aid so long as Egypt was perceived as continuing on its hostile course against Israel.

Political scientists have suggested that public opinion is eventually reflected in the Congressional roll-calls. And this is another factor that must have played a part in convincing Sadat that it was worth going to Israel.

Sadat, who addressed a joint session of the Congress during his visit here two months after the 1975 Sinai II Agreement was signed, has been wooing senators and representatives very methodically. The State Department is aware of the fact that the Egyptian leader has personally received practically every U.S. congressman who has visited Egypt since the Yom Kippur war — no matter how junior the legislator.

Even though the Congress was in recess during last weekend's dramatic developments, it can be stated that Sadat's support in Congress was strengthened significantly.

ALREADY very popular with the executive branch of the U.S. government, Egypt now stands a much better chance of winning greater economic support.

In addition, American consumers will be more willing to purchase Egyptian exports. And, perhaps, even more important, American businessmen will be more willing to send buyers to Egypt to import goods to the U.S.

Nobody expects U.S. investors to rush off to Egypt overnight with millions of dollars in capital; but the improved political climate between Israel and Egypt will eventually affect investment too.

The question of increasing U.S. military assistance to Egypt is, of course, another matter. So long as

FROM WASHINGTON, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL



An interview, beamed coast-to-coast in the U.S., given by the leaders to Barbara Walters in Jerusalem. (Israel Sun)

The first opinion-polls indicate that Sadat's popularity has soared in the U.S. If Egypt plays its cards correctly, it should have no difficulty in turning this public support to more concrete advantage, writes WOLF BLITZER.

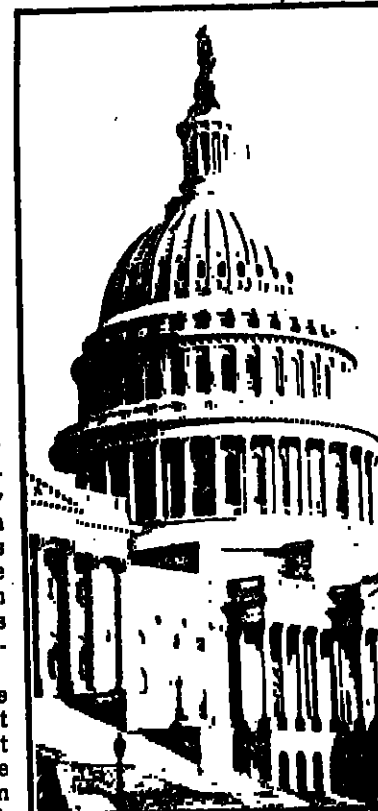
Egypt and Israel remain in a state of war, many legislators here will be reluctant to supply offensive hardware to the Egyptians. Egypt already receives "non-lethal" equipment from the U.S. — C-130s, pilotless reconnaissance drones, communications equipment, and so on.

The Administration is also deeply involved in a programme whereby the engines of Egypt's Soviet-supplied Mig-21 fighter bombers are being reconditioned in Europe with U.S. technological aid.

WHETHER or not Egypt now stands a better chance of receiving more sophisticated weaponry — such as F-16 fighters — is open to debate. But Sadat knew that his country stood virtually no chance whatsoever of acquiring such weapons from the U.S. so long as he and his regime remained implacably hostile towards Israel.

Therefore, in weighing up the success or failure of the Sadat mission to Jerusalem, one must not ignore the American factor. The Egyptian leader may have been condemned in much of the Arab world; he may have been criticized by the Soviet Union; he may not have won as much of a public shift in Israeli policy on key issues as he had hoped for; but there is no doubt that he has scored a remarkable success in America.

And this is not to be scoffed at. Sadat's intentions. Didn't he conspire with Syria to attack Israel on Yom Kippur? Could such a man ever be trusted?



There is reason to believe that Sadat's giant step was partially motivated by his wish to see more American Jews accept him as a man of true peace. Just as his image has improved in Israel, so too has his popularity risen among American Jews.

For two years now, Egyptian diplomats in the U.S. have made concerted overtures to key Jewish leaders in an effort to enlist their support. Egyptian officials, like many foreign diplomats based in Washington, believe that the American Jewish community is a highly influential factor in American political and economic life.

PEOPLE HERE are now reassessing many of their former convictions. Maybe there really is a golden opportunity for a breakthrough.

On the official level, President Carter and his senior advisers are insisting that they were pleased by the Sadat initiative and its outcome. They say that they have been promoting direct negotiations behind the scenes ever since they took office in January, and are trying to take some credit for creating the climate for the visit.

But everyone knows that the Administration is most pleased by the fact that Sadat and Begin agreed — at least in public — to continue their efforts to reach a comprehensive settlement at a reconvened Geneva conference. Begin and Sadat say there will be no effort to reach a separate agreement between Egypt and Israel.

Whether or not this will remain so in the face of possible Syrian stubbornness, no one knows. In the meantime, the Administration's Geneva initiative continues. Officials here say that the Sadat journey has improved chances of a successful conference getting off the ground. We should find out soon enough.

ONE INTERESTING development that has emerged from the Sadat-Begin talks is the public split between former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and the Carter Administration. Kissinger had been very quiet since January, refusing to speak out on the Middle East. But during the past few days, he has gone public in his recommendations — some of which fly in the face of the Administration's programme.

For example, Kissinger says that Geneva should be a place where agreements are ratified, rather than negotiated. He wants the U.S. to take a flexible stance, giving in to the wishes of the moderate elements in the region — led by Israel and Egypt — instead of coming up with rigid formulas which he fears may be doomed to failure from the outset. Kissinger does not want to see a Geneva conference convened just for the sake of scoring a foreign policy victory. He knows that any effort aimed at reaching an overall settlement must involve the Syrians and the Palestinians, either of which holds a veto over the more moderate elements.

What Kissinger is telling Carter and the Administration is this: If Geneva is impossible (and it is as long as the Syrians and the Palestinians continue to be inflexible), what is wrong with seeing Israel and Egypt negotiate a separate pact? At a later stage, perhaps Jordan might follow. That would put pressure on Syria to follow suit.

IT MUST have been strange for Jimmy Carter to sit home last weekend and watch the unbelievable happening in Jerusalem. Here he was, sitting in the White House with his daughter, Amy, watching and listening to Walter Cronkite or Barbara Walters or John Chancellor. He, and especially some of his foreign policy advisers, must have felt somewhat left out — like so many of us Washington journalists who are accustomed to being at the centre of things.

Apart from rethinking policy after history was made in Jerusalem, officials here are hoping that other Arab leaders can be coaxed to follow Sadat's lead. If Sadat could break through the psychological barriers of the past, maybe there is hope that Hussein, Assad and others can do the same.

Veteran CBS commentator Eric Severeid noted the other day that Sadat has a history of heart ailments, and people with bad hearts often do unexpected things. Begin has also had a heart attack, Severeid added. Perhaps these two leaders may yet find a way of making real peace as they are forced to examine some of their basic convictions from scratch.

A beginning was made, and, watching it from Washington, it was beautiful. Now it must continue. □

هكذا من الأصل

AN ISRAELI LOVE AFFAIR

Did Sadat kiss Golda at the airport? Did he wear a *kippa* at Yad Vashem? Did the strict security precautions prevent many Israelis from taking to the streets to welcome their new hero? Can hatred be changed to affection so fast? These are some of the questions asked by PHILIP GILLON in his impressionistic account of the Israeli mood during the visit.

WHEN President Anwar Sadat sat back in his seat in the Arab Republic of Egypt plane on Monday afternoon, and delicately wiped the sweat off his brow with his handkerchief, he may well have said to himself the Arabic equivalent of "Veni, vidi, vici" — I came, I saw, I conquered. With one possible slight amendment — I came, I was seen and heard, I conquered.

Israelis are a volatile people, quick to fall in love, and there can be no doubt that Anwar has won many hearts. We have reason to believe that the passion is not unrequited — unless he is a consummate actor, he also fell in love with us.

Can hatred be changed to affection so fast? This was the very man who had said that a state of non-belligerency between Israel and the Arabs could be negotiated after long and hard bargaining, but that it would take at least a generation to eliminate the accumulated bitterness and hatred and suspicion that existed between our peoples. And now he himself has proved this thesis to be nonsense. The negotiating process, which he moved forward a giant step by his visit, is obviously going to be an arduous one; but it is clear that the common people of both Israel and Egypt are prepared to make friends at five minutes' notice.

Somehow he touched the deep longing of the people for peace — and, if we are to judge by the television shots from Cairo, the Egyptians feel the same way. Peace on any terms, to be worked out by trusted leaders, irrespective of the details — that is what the public clamoured for on the day it became certain he would come.

Two hours before Sadat's plane arrived, a traffic cop told me: "You know, I was born in Egypt. I know how much courage he needed to decide to come here. He is a great man, a wonderful man."

WHEN I WENT to fetch a Canadian colleague from the Jerusalem Plaza Hotel, a lump rose in my throat when I saw the flag of Libya streaming bravely in the winds, alongside the flags of Israel and Canada. At that stage I didn't know it was the flag of Egypt; an Arab waiter explained that there is a subtle difference between the two flags. Ah, well, never in my wildest dreams — although sometimes in my worst nightmares — did I think that I would live to see any Arab flag flying over Jewish Jerusalem.

Some 20 minutes before Sadat was due to arrive at Ben-Gurion Airport, we went to the press centre at the Jerusalem Theatre, where my Canadian friend was astonished by the achievements of all concerned in providing such multiple services in 48 hours. I explained to him that we have a genius for improvisation, that, if we had been given 48 days, several committees would have been appointed, and we would have made a frightful mess.

A Jerusalem Post colleague rushed up with the sad story that



"The Angel of Peace" by Yossi Sorn which was presented to President Sadat.

his car had been damaged in a smash — would I drive him quickly to the Post? Sure, said I, optimistically reckoning that I had plenty of time to get to Romema and back in time to see the TV coverage of Sadat's arrival on the large screen at the press centre. As soon as we left the theatre, however, I found myself playing a game that was to continue on and off for the following 48 hours — how to get around the barricaded roads.

The police barriers popped up suddenly and unexpectedly in unlikely places, without prior warning; in order to travel anywhere, one needed to know the byways of the Holy City. This may explain why so few Israelis were around in the streets to welcome their new hero: we have become a nation that moves on four wheels, not two legs. Deny us our highways, and we stay at home, watching television.

A GROUP of journalists nevertheless defied Gilon's anti-walking law and went out con-

cohort whizzed past, the kids in the crowd broke into circles to dance the hora and to sing "Havenu Shalom Aleichem" for the TV cameras.

The next day, people gathered in hopeful but fearful clusters around television sets, to watch Sadat in the mosque, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Yad Vashem. The coverage, like that at Ben-Gurion Airport when he arrived, was very poor, because the security people interfered brutally with the photographers.

Security poses a great problem for us. If something had gone wrong, we would no doubt have wanted the security boys hanged for inefficiency. As it was, we wanted them hanged for their idiotic bossiness when television crews were trying to do their job.

BECAUSE of these officious security types, we are not sure whether Sadat really kissed Golda at the airport when he bent down over her. But President Jimmy Carter will believe forever that Sadat did kiss her. Nor do we know what happened about the *kippa* at Yad Vashem — did he wear one or didn't he?

I can't say whether Sadat did bring peace to Israel, but he certainly brought us something almost as miraculous, something we had despaired of ever seeing — colour television from Israel TV. At the Knesset, at Ben-Gurion Airport, at Cairo Airport. I hope Father Menahem caught the Cairo telecast in full colour before retiring for some well-earned rest. It may have convinced him that we have to move into the 1970s with our TV.

All that business outside the Knesset brought lumps to our throats — in fact, throughout the wonderful 44 hours of Sadat's conquest of Israel, those lumps kept popping up. The flags, the anthems, the smartness of the guards, the lighting of the flame.

But the speeches were something else again. Sadat has a trick of looking very earnest and rolling his eyes upwards, which makes him look like a combination of Paul Robeson and Lawrence Olivier playing Othello. He certainly convinced us all of the sincerity of his horror of another war. But most Israelis with whom I talked were shocked and surprised that he didn't offer us an immediate peace treaty and retention of the territories and everything else we want.

The reaction was at first one of disagreeable surprise; but we are a volatile people: as soon as we realized that we were in for a long haul, we changed the rules of the game, and turned it into an oratorical contest.

Anwar was good, we said, but wait till we produce our champion, our Muhammad Ali, Menahem Begin himself. Alas, Begin was way below his true form. Perhaps I misjudged him, as I was both watching the TV and listening to the simultaneous translation in a room with only English-speaking people; the translation of Begin's speech was appalling beyond description, whereas that of

Sadat's speech was as good as I have ever heard. Shimon Peres scored high with a very polished effort, one that got good marks not only from the Israelis, but from Anwar himself the next day.

How shrewd Sadat was to have asked to meet the separate factions. The great addresses in the Knesset had been stiff, formal, almost force affairs; but, when he met the factions, all was light and love and laughter, intimacy and mutual admiration. Going on with the oratory contest, I gave Goula Cohen and Moshe Shamir a high score. But Dr. Ben-Meir scored very high with a very thoughtful speech. The Old Lady was in great form, Abba Eban was terrific in three minutes, Yitzhak Navon spoke most mellifluous Arabic.

Herut acquaintances have told me angrily that I erred in scoring Begin so low. "What was he to do — talk as if he were addressing a rally at Zion Square?" they asked furiously. "He had to be polite to our guest. On the other hand, he could hardly agree to give him Judea, Samaria and East Jerusalem just out of politeness. So he was courteous, restrained, undemagogic."

Maybe. So the second day went remorselessly onward. Did the whole love affair last only two days? It's like one of those old David Solznicke films, where Robert Taylor was on leave in London, or Bogie parted from the big Swede in *Casablanca*. Everyone sent presents. The women of Israel sent Mrs. Jehan Sadat a painting, "The Angel of Peace," by Yossi Sorn, from an exhibition of peace paintings organized by Wilso and the Israeli artist in the press centre. Yossi gladly donated the painting. Menahem gave him a copy of *The Revolt*; Lova gave him two of his books; Nina Katzir gave him a rug knitted by kibbutz members; and drawings by Israeli children; Goula gave him something for his new granddaughter. A few trifling tokens of our affection...

All too soon he was at Ben-Gurion Airport, cracking the last jokes with Menahem, Moshe, Arik, everyone. Did he bend down to kiss Golda? I think not. He thanked us, he thanked all of us. Then he went up the ramp, turned around, smiled, waved, smiled again, waved again. And was gone.

I gave a lift to two pretty girls. One said, "He was marvellous." The other, more cautious, commented, "We'll have to see if he brings us peace."

"At least," I said, "you must admit he's very charming."

"Of course, he's very charming. He has to be — he's a politician."

"Well, look at our politicians — I wouldn't call all of them charming."

"Ach, our politicians, they don't bother to be charming. In other countries it's different."

So that's how it stands at the moment. But I'll tell you something, Anwar. We'd like you to ask Menahem to visit you in Cairo. But, whether you do or not, please come back to us yourself. □

ONE OF THE most interesting developments that accompanied President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem was what did not happen. There were hardly any vociferous or violent reactions on the part of the Arabs of the West Bank and Jerusalem during and immediately after the visit, despite the initial cries of "Sell-out" that had been raised when it was announced.

Part of the explanation, of course, was the major security precautions taken by Israel to protect Sadat's life and even to insulate him from any embarrassing altercations with West Bank and East Jerusalem Arabs during his time in Jerusalem. The "established view" over the past 30 years that "the first Arab leader who dares talk directly to the Israelis — much less visit them in the conquered territory — will be a dead Arab leader within a few hours of his arrival," was not lost upon the Israeli hosts.

Nor was the fact that King Hussein's grandfather, King Abdullah, was assassinated in 1951 on the steps of al-Aksa Mosque — the holy place at which Sadat insisted that his first day in Jerusalem must start.

And yet the massive security measures were not the only explanation: in the two days following the visit, I gleaned a number of other reasonable explanations for the behaviour of the Arab population, and of its mood in the wake of the visit, in talks with a number of East Jerusalem and West Bank Arabs, and Israeli Arabs who have moved into Jerusalem.

The well-known men among the West Bank leaders preferred, by and large, to remain silent while they sorted out in their minds the implication of Sadat's shattering of the taboo against Israel. The men who agreed to speak to me, and that only on condition that they remain anonymous, do not constitute a cross-section of the population. They are relatively young, well-educated professionals — teachers, lawyers, accountants and the like — and because of that are unequivocally self-identified supporters of the cause of Palestinian identity and Palestinian statehood.

IN REPLY to my question on the near absence of any demonstrations against Sadat's "apostasy," I was given explanations which can be ranged under three separate headings: Sadat's timing; fear; confusion.

The local Arabs were taken by surprise by last Thursday evening's announcement that the Egyptian President would be coming within 48 hours. East Jerusalem and West Bank Arabs would seem to have been even more sceptical than were Israeli Jews about Sadat's sincerity in carrying out the plan he had unveiled a week before the definitive announcement. This was because the Arabs simply refused to believe that such a dire event would ever take place, while Jewish scepticism was based on resistance to a naive belief in miracles.

THE FACT that Sadat opened his visit on Id el-Adha, a holy festival in the Islamic calendar, my interlocutors agreed, was crucial for developments during the visit. It was a three-day holiday for the vast majority of the Moslem population and school was out. Anti-Israeli demonstrations on the West Bank during the 10 years of the Israeli presence have nearly always been sparked by high-

ALL QUIET ON THE WEST BANK



A West Bank Arab interviewed by newsmen outside the King David Hotel

(Judah Passow)

Post reporter YOSEF GOELL has been trying to find out why there were virtually no Arab demonstrations during Sadat's visit. He suggests three explanations: timing, fear and confusion.

media coverage of after the Yom Kippur War many demonstrations. Begin and the Likud are seen as something else again, and fewer, if any, youngsters are ready to take chances.

"It's not only the danger of being jailed; the thing we fear most is being picked up, put in a military government vehicle and dumped on the other side of the border away from our homes and families," I was told.

Adults have almost never participated in demonstrations. But ever since the May elections and the installation of the Begin government, West Bank parents have been much firmer in deterring their rebellious offspring from twisting the Israeli lion's tail. The heavy fines the military government has imposed on parents as a condition for the release of their jailed sons have also had an effect.

At an even deeper level, there is the fear that, under the present Israeli government, a mass expulsion of the Arab population under the cloak of the turmoil of another war is not the improbable thing that it was considered to be under an Alignment government.

"Begin is a man who is quite capable of Dir Yassining us all," one told me, referring to the killings in the 1948 War of Independence.

After hearing this response for the first time, I included it as a question in subsequent conversations. All my respondents agreed: Prime Minister Begin is a man to be feared. In the past few years, more and more young West Bank Arabs were emboldened to challenge the Alignment government, believing it to be especially sensitive to world opinion shaped by sympathetic

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tion tended more towards a "wait and see" attitude pending news of King Hussein's reaction, and to the "Sadat the old fox" view.

West Bank notables, the mayors, and former officials of the Jordanian government, were inclined to keep their counsel. If they did utter, it was to come out with very lukewarm statements of either criticism or support. They were obviously not going to commit themselves in face of the rift which is seen to be developing in the Arab world. The leading West Bank newspaper, "Al-Kuds," was an exception in going out on a limb and likening Sadat to Churchill and De Gaulle.

IN NEARLY ALL the conversations, a moment of truth was reached in which the inability of the man I was speaking with to reconcile his emotional and rational attitudes was openly admitted. In response to one particular question, almost every one agreed that an independent Palestine, if it is ever realized, can only be obtained from Israel.

All who admitted the logic of this proposition found it equally impossible to swallow the thought that a responsible Palestinian leadership should have attempted to deal directly with Israel and to allay Israel's fears of the security threat inherent in a Palestinian state alongside Israel.

They conceded that it was reasonable to argue that now that Sadat had broken the ice, Palestinians dedicated to the dream of an independent Palestine should seize the opportunity and follow his path, since "it is now unthinkable that the Arab world can fight Israel and force her to relinquish the conquered territories if Egypt has opted out of a military solution."

The same men declared, however, that such a path was emotionally impossible. The slogan shouted at a PLO demonstration in Damascus earlier this week — "Better not a Palestine for a hundred years if it can only be obtained by bowing and scraping before the Zionist enemy" — truly represented the emotions of many West Bankers, I was told.

But some also admitted that in cooler moments, some Palestinians secretly hoped that leaders would arise who could realize the vision of an independent Palestine through a combination of pressure against, and conciliation of, Israel.

THE TRAGEDY of the Palestinian Arabs is that they have followed leaders who have persisted in their all-or-nothing approach to the reality of the rise of Israel and have succeeded in reaping nothing. Arabs I have spoken to often accept this view.

It is no less a tragedy when one realizes that in the Arab world, which is not marked by a democratic political culture, these leaders have never been elected by the people concerned (the mayors of the West Bank towns elected under the Israeli military administration are an exception) but have been foisted on them.

Nonetheless, the alternative West Bank leadership that Israeli doves often speak of has not materialized to date. None of the potential candidates of stature for such an alternative has ever dared to step out into the no-man's-land between the Israeli military administration and the PLO terrorist intimidation. Whether any will now be prepared to follow in the footsteps of Sadat is an open question. □

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 24, 1977

"ALLENBY" Tel. 57826

2nd week
Sat. and week days 7.15, 9.30
* CLINT EASTWOOD
* TULLY SAVANNA
* DON RICHES
* CAROL O'CONNOR
* RONALD SUTHERLAND



Kelly's Heroes

BEN YEHUDA
THE NEXT MAN
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN Tel. 282288
Israel Premiere

ROLLER COASTER



* GEORGE SEGAL
* RICHARD WIDMARK
* TIMOTHY BOTTOMS
* HENRY FONDA
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13

AUSTIN STOKER
Fri. 10 & midnight
Sat. 7.15 & 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

6th week
* RYAN O'NEAL
* BURT REYNOLDS

NICKELDEON

Friday 10 & midnight
Sat. at 7.15 - 9.30
Weekly (except Fridays):
10, 12, 4, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL Tel. 454114/6

5th week
THE DEEP

ROBERT SHAW
JACQUELINE BISSET
NICK NOLTE
Directed by Peter Yates
7, 9.30

ESTHER Tel. 225610

4th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Everything about

YOUNG LADY CHATTERLEY

is beautiful, the lovers, the love making and especially, the way it will make you feel.

GAT Tel. 267888

3rd week
GEORGE C. SCOTT

"ISLANDS IN THE STREAM"

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HOD Tel. 226226

RANSOM

* OLIVER REED
* JIM MITCHELL
Tonight at 10 only
Weekdays: 4.30, 7.30, 9.30



WILDERNESS FAMILY

* ROBERT F. LOGAN
* RUSAN DAMANTE SHAW
Starting Tonight at 10 & 12
Sat. & Weekdays at 9.30

THEY GOT A MURDER ON THEIR HANDS. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!



"THE GOOD EARTH"

THE NORMAN JEWSON
WALTER MIRSCH PRODUCTION



"IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT"

LIMOR Tel. 266778

RYAN'S DAUGHTER

Director: David Lean
Winner of two academy awards
* ROBERT MITCHELL
* TREVOR HOWARD
* SARAH MILES
6, 8 p.m.

MOGRABI Tel. 298831

15th week

ROCKY

THE BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
4.30, 7, 9.30
United Artists

OPHE Tel. 613321

5th week

THE DEEP

ROBERT SHAW
JACQUELINE BISSET
NICK NOLTE
Directed by Peter Yates
4.30, 7, 9.30

"ORLY" T.A.
LIV ULLMAN
INGMAR BERGMAN
"Face to Face"



STARRING
LIV ULLMAN

PARIS Tel. 286660

14th week
MEL BROOKS

12 CHAIRS

Fri.: 10, 12, 2;
10 p.m. & midnight
Sat.: 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays: 10, 12, 2, 4,
7.15 & 9.30

"FEER" Tel. 449788

2nd week
4.30 - 7 - 9.30

all-time
great hit!
Two academy
award winners!

"THE GOOD EARTH"



Based on the novel by
PEARL S. BUCK
Pulitzer prize-winning novel!

STARRING:
PAUL MUNI
LUISE RAINER
A M.G.M. picture
Distributed by C.I.C.

ROYAL Tel. 55881

Israel Premiere
3rd week

ROME DESIRES

In colour
Adults only
Fri. 10-12-2
Daily 10-12-4-7-9.30

STUDIO Tel. 298817

4th week
4.30, 7.00, 9.30

THE MAN WHO LOVED LOVE

(L'homme qui aimait les femmes)
* CHARLES DENNER
* BRIGITTE FOSSEY
* LESLIE CARON
ADULTS ONLY
COLOR United Artists



STARRING
LIV ULLMAN

LIZ MINNELLI
ROBERT DE NIRO
"NEW YORK, NEW YORK"

Note time of Performance
Tonight at 8.30 and midnight
Sat. 7 & 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
United Artists

RAMAT AVIV

* BARBARA STREISAND
* KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

A STAR IS BORN

Friday 8.30 and midnight
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

TIFERET

* GENE WILDER
* JILL CLAYBURGH
* RICHARD FRYOR

SILVER STREAK

Directed by Arthur Hiller
7.15, 9.15

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181

2nd Week

KEOMA

* Franco Nero
* Woody Blood
* William Berger
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

CAROL KANE
STEVEN KEATS

Hester Street

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Sun., Tues., Thurs.: 4.30
Sun., Thurs.: 7.30
Mon., Wed., Thurs.: 9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445088

5th week

Cet Obscur Objet du Desire

A film by Luis Bunuel
Angela Molina
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON Tel. 244878

2nd week

THE BOMBER & PAGANINI

A film by Ninos Perakis
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 26, 1977

ARMON Tel. 720708

* TOMMY MILAN
* JACK PALANCE
THE COP IN BLUE JEANS
Adults Only Forum Film

HADAR Tel. 723022

3rd week
"They were the girls of our dreams..."

THE POM POM GIRLS

* ROBERT CARADIN
* JENNIFER ASHLEY
4, 7.15, 9.30

LILI

7.15, 9.30

3 WOMEN

* SHELLY DUVALL
* BISSY SPACER
* JANICA RULE

OASIS

GONE WITH THE WIND

Saturday
Weekdays 4, 8

ORDEA Tel. 721720

RANSOM

* OLIVER REED
* JIM MITCHELL
4, 7.15, 9

RAMAT GAN

7.15, 9.30

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

* BURT LANCASTER
* RICHARD WIDMARK

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 26, 1977

AMPHITHEATRE

2nd week
A most suspenseful film
the great 1977
hit in USA

IT'S ALIVE

for adults only
in colour
perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ARMON

Lee Marvin - Oliver Reed
Robert Culp - Elisabeth Ashley
The Great Scout and Cathouse Thursday

Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ATZMON

4th week
Is anything worth the terror of

THE DEEP

starring ROBERT SHAW
JACQUELINE BISSET
ELI WALLACH
NICK NOLTE
For Adults Only
Perfs.: 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

CHEN

4th week
All-new, Bigger, More Exciting

AIRPORT '77

JACK LEMMON
LEE GRANT
BRENDA VACCARO
JOSEPH COTTEEN
No complimentary tickets
Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

MIRON

A sexy hit
A VIRGIN IN THE FAMILY

In Technicolor
For adults only
From Friday
six nonstop perfs.

MORIAH

Daphne du Maurier's
bestseller
DON'T LOOK NOW

JULIE CHRISTIE
DONALD SUTHERLAND
Perfs. 6.45, 9.00

RAMA Tel. 721812

SEX PARTY

Sat. and all week 7.15, 9.30
Mon. and Wed. also at 4.30

Herzliya

DAVID

IT'S ALIVE

7, 9.30

TCHOLET Tel. 449860

6th week

KASPER HAUSER

Directed and written by
WERNER HERZOG
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Petah Tikva

SHALOM

FUNNY PEOPLE

3rd and last week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 3.30, 7.15, 9.15

Netanya

ESTHER

Italian film
LA NORA GIOVINA

Sat.-5, 7, 9.15
Weekdays-4.30, 7, 9.15

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, November 26, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224820

SENTENCED TO LIFE
with
MARLON BRANDO

EDISON Tel. 224088

A great, dramatic love story

DEV LERINASKI

TURKAN SORAY
KADIR INANIK
4, 7, 9

HABIRAH Tel. 232366

TITBIT

4, 7, 9

JERUSALEM

Indian film

AMIR GHARIB

with songs
In colour
4, 8.30, 9.00

ORNA Tel. 224788

5th week

GENE WILDER

JILL CLAYBURGH
In the best comedy of the year

SILVER STREAK

4, 6.45, 9

EDEN Tel. 223828

BLOOD BROTHERS
FRANCO NERO
CLAUDIA CARDINAL
4, 7, 9

MITCHEL

NEW YORK - NEW YORK!

LIZA MINNELLI
ROBERT De Niro
6.30, 9.15
Wednesday also at 4.00

ORGIL Tel. 234176

2nd week

STRANGE WORLD

4, 7, 9

ORION Tel. 222914

5th week

ROBERT SHAW

JACQUELINE BISSET
ELI WALLACH
THE DEEP

4, 6.30, 9

RON Tel. 234704

ANN MARGRET
PETER FENT
In the happy comedy

JOSEPH ANDREWS

SEMDAR

2nd week

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM

7, 9.30

FILMS IN BRIEF

AIRPORT '77 - Deep sea rescue adventure involving the actual salvage capabilities of the United States navy. Jack Lemmon in a straight role as the jumbo's captain but with a very poor supporting cast.

AUDREY ROBE - Serious and compelling exploration into the mysteries of reincarnation, about a child who died in a car accident and immediately re-entered life again. Traumatic nightmare scenes. Excellent acting.

CET OHSOUR OBJET DU DESIRE - About a man who worships an elusive virgin who teases and ridicules him and leads him on in order to achieve her objectives. Humorous and ambiguous in Luis Bunuel's style.

THE DEEP - Based on Peter Benchley's sequel to "Jaws", "The Deep" is rather disappointing. Although the underwater photography is interesting, and there are sequences of real suspense, the story is implausible, and the characterization is flat and two-dimensional. Robert Shaw lends some credibility to the characters all of whom fall neatly into categories of good and evil.

DON'T LOOK NOW - From a tale by Daphne du Maurier, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland as a couple pursued by death and disaster in Venice. Director Nicholas Roeg produces some wonderful pictures of a disintegrating Venice with a frightening atmosphere filled with forebodings.

FUNNY PEOPLE - South African filmmaker Jamie Uys traps people in practical joke situations, with hidden camera technique. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of passers-by turn to queasy laughter when the gullibility of under-educated blacks is exploited.

GONE WITH THE WIND - Re-issue of that all time box-office-best-seller about the American civil war.

THE GOOD EARTH - (1937) Based on Pearl Buck's novel set in China about how greed ruins the lives of a simple farming couple, Paul Muni and Lulu Rainer who won an Oscar for her role.

THE GREAT SCOUT & CATHOUSE THURSDAY - Ex-frontier scout, Lee Marvin and half-breed pal, Oliver Reed, extract \$80,000 from a crooked tycoon and make off with a virtuous prostitute. Fast-moving, good-for-a-laugh Western comedy set in 1908.

HESTER STREET - Sympathetically depicts the dilemma of Shetl Jews from all over Europe in adapting to the mores of their adoptive country - the U.S. Steven Keats plays the assimilated Jew who has preceded his wife (Carol Kane) and son to America and tries to eradicate his old self by rejecting her.

L'HOMME QUI AIMAIT LES FEMMES - Francois Truffaut's story of Bertrand (Charles Denner), an ordinary man who is an obsessive womanizer. Following from affair to affair becomes rather monotonous.

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM - Over-continental rendering of Hemingway's novel with George C. Scott gazing into the Caribbean horizon between bouts of coping with his life. Claire Bloom injects a touch of much needed fire and depth.

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT - Sidney Poitier plays a bright, sophisticated Negro from the north and Rod Taylor is the gum-chewing southern police chief working together in a murder case. Directed by Norman Jewison.

IT'S ALIVE - A monster baby is born to a normal Los Angeles couple; it seizes and terrorizes the city until the police and the horror thing's father run it to ground. Dull production but undoubtedly horror.

KARFAH - Sombre Germanic tragedy of an innocent, illiterate man discovered abandoned in the centre of Nuremberg. His origins are unknown. Extraordinarily sensitive portrayal by Bruno S. Beautiful, perceptive, overlong production.

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING - Norman Jewison's hilarious comedy about a Russian submarine that comes too close to America. With Carl Reiner, Eva Marie Saint, Alan Arkin.



Woody Allen as an obsessed Bogart outfit in 'Play It Again Sam.'

Cannes Film award. Directed by Werner Herzog.

N

NOVEMBER 25 – DECEMBER 1

WEDNESDAY



Rule 1.1. n.

[illegible]

17 to 18 English - 10 to 12 English
 19 to 20 English - 10 to 12 English
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS:
 17 to 18 English
 19 to 20 English
ARABIC LANGUAGE PROGRAMS:
 17 to 18 Arabic
 19 to 20 Arabic
 21 to 22 Arabic
 23 to 24 Arabic
 25 to 26 Arabic
HEBREW PROGRAMS:
 17 to 18 Hebrew
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7:03 Morning Melodies

Paladins, Suite; Vivaldi: Concerto
Gress: for Four Violins in B Minor;
J.C. Bach: Sinfonia in D Major; Beethoven:
23^d. In the Forest; Mozart: Piano
Concerto No. 16, in D Major, K. 455
(Peter Serkin); M. Haydn: Divertimento
for Bass, Viola and Cello
Martini: Jazz Suite; Ravel: Daphnis
et Chloé, Suite No. 2; Hindtke
10-35 Lesson in spoken Arabic
11-25 Japanese music
12-25 "The Great Wall"
No. 9 in G Major, Opus 17, No. 3
No. 8 in E Major, Opus 17, No. 2

Lerner, definite his views on
 culture, commenting in terms
 15.65 Notes on a new book
 15.65 Lerner: Jerusalem Symposium
 Orchestra — Bach-Ben Hai
 Chorale Prelude (Sidney Hart)
 Bach-Stokowski: Toccata and Fugue
 in D Minor (Yoram Talmi); Avidor
 Suite in the name of Bach (Shmuel
 Friedman); Mozart: Piano Concerto

1.	Juan-Pablo Izquierdo: <i>Brava</i>
2.	Variations on a Theme by Carlos
3.	Gary Berluthi, Prokofiev: <i>Excerpt</i>
4.	from <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> (Sicilia)
5.	Harth
6.	20.15 Music Magazine
7.	21.00 Everyman's University
8.	On the Philosophy of science
9.	21.30 Talmud lesson with
10.	Avraham Arzi
11.	22.05 Stern: <i>Opera-Job</i>
12.	Strauss: <i>Night in Venedig</i> (Chor)
13.	the <i>Bregenz Festival</i> and the <i>V</i>

00.10 Musical interlude
12.30 Israeli songs
14.10 Stage and Screen -- songs

- 16:05 "Shard! songs"
- 16:10 "Any questions?"
- 17:10 On target - radio game
- 18:05 Matter of Time
- 18:43 Sports commentary
- 19:00 People and events in the
- 19:17 Bible Reading Kings 1.1
- 20:05 "My Father's House" -
- 20:45 Between Le-Vilan talks about

children
21 05 Music for wind ensemble
22 06 "Medicine, Ethics and Society"
- Prof. Shaul Ashkenazi talks
the relationship between the
dividual and the medical profes-
sion
23 06 Just Between Us: Higher
Education about current problem

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n 30 University on the Air
Seven of a report under
elements of Jewish thought

the time, and Dr. Yuen, Yuen, Roscoe, Morning Glory, Music Lane. Listeners may catch the musical something new, happen.

around the world
15 Hebrew songs
1:30 Ten - Records of the
century of 20 years ago
11:05 Hebrew hit parade
10:50 Ten minutes with the N
family
12:05 Letters to my Pa

the
program, in the
between the soldier and his
15.35 Songs
1945 Magazine on culture and
Lanmont
21.05 "Tonight's Story"
21.30 University on the Air
Minnelli

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Song



!i

Especially for children

SHOP TALK
Catherine Rosenheimer

"TAPACH" "Apple" in English — is the name of a new children's bookshop on Rehov Sokolov in Ramat Hasharon. Any connection with the London "Apple" opened by the Beatles a few years back, is purely coincidental. "Apple" was a boutique that sold all manner of weird and wonderful gear. It didn't last long but it had a glorious closing down "give away" of all stock, which was doubtless a shrewd publicity stunt for its owners.

"Tapach" is not just another bookshop. It specializes in quality fiction and picture books, educational books and aids, and instructional toys and games for

children aged between one and 10. Nachman Uriel, who owns the shop together with his wife Ruthie and partner Shula Portugall, is also a publisher. He always felt there was a need for a specialist shop of this type.

"There are children's boutiques covering everything from fashions and shoes to equipment and furniture," he says. "But children's books are usually crowded into one corner of a regular bookshop."

Moreover, he adds, bookshops are not particularly fashionable — young people wanting to open a business tend to go into faster-profit fields. A lot of so-called bookshops are village stores selling everything from chewing gum and stationery to ice cream and T-shirts. Nachman claims that his

shop stocks some 50 per cent of all Hebrew titles in the younger age brackets, and about 20 per cent of those for the over sixes.

THE MOST impressive feature of the store is its planning and layout. Converted from an old ground-floor flat, its interconnecting rooms are arranged like a library and children's club rather than a conventional shop. Bookshelves are conveniently low, their contents easily accessible, and each room has a table and little chairs where young customers are welcome to browse before making their selection.

There are also pencils, crayons and paper for those who feel like drawing and whiling away the time. The shop's noticeboard is full of announcements: kittens and puppies for sale; a painting competition; details of story readings and talks by visiting authors; and special demon-

strations of audio-visual equipment for kindergarten and school teachers.

The aim is to provide local children with a book centre — albeit a commercial one — rather than merely to market books in the conventional way. And in contrast to so many of the fancy new boutiques, all the fittings have been done as simply as possible — cheerful, painted wooden shelves and displays of framed children's book illustrations (which are also for sale) take the place of expensive decor, and are functional and fun.

The owners have taken the trouble to unearth popular children's books from years back, and find that many mothers are rediscovering material they themselves read as youngsters.

THERE IS the full range of Lea Goldberg and Shlonsky titles for the young, translations of classics

by Erich Kastner and Mark Twain, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *1001 Nights*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, in addition to works by such Hebrew authors as Blalik, Yancov Hurgin and Avraham Mapu.

Also available are Hebrew youth encyclopaedias, "bar mitzva books," facts-of-life books, and even child psychology and family books — by Dreikurs and A.S. Neil, for example — for adults.

Although school textbooks are not sold here, virtually all the accompanying educational books a schoolchild requires are stocked. When making their selection of local didactic toys, the owners were very happy with the choice offered by firms like Orda and Amhad, but less so with the standards of construction and assembly kits. As a result of customer demand, they intend to include some English children's books in their stocks soon. □

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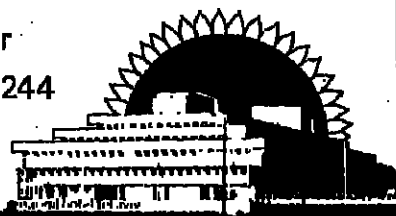
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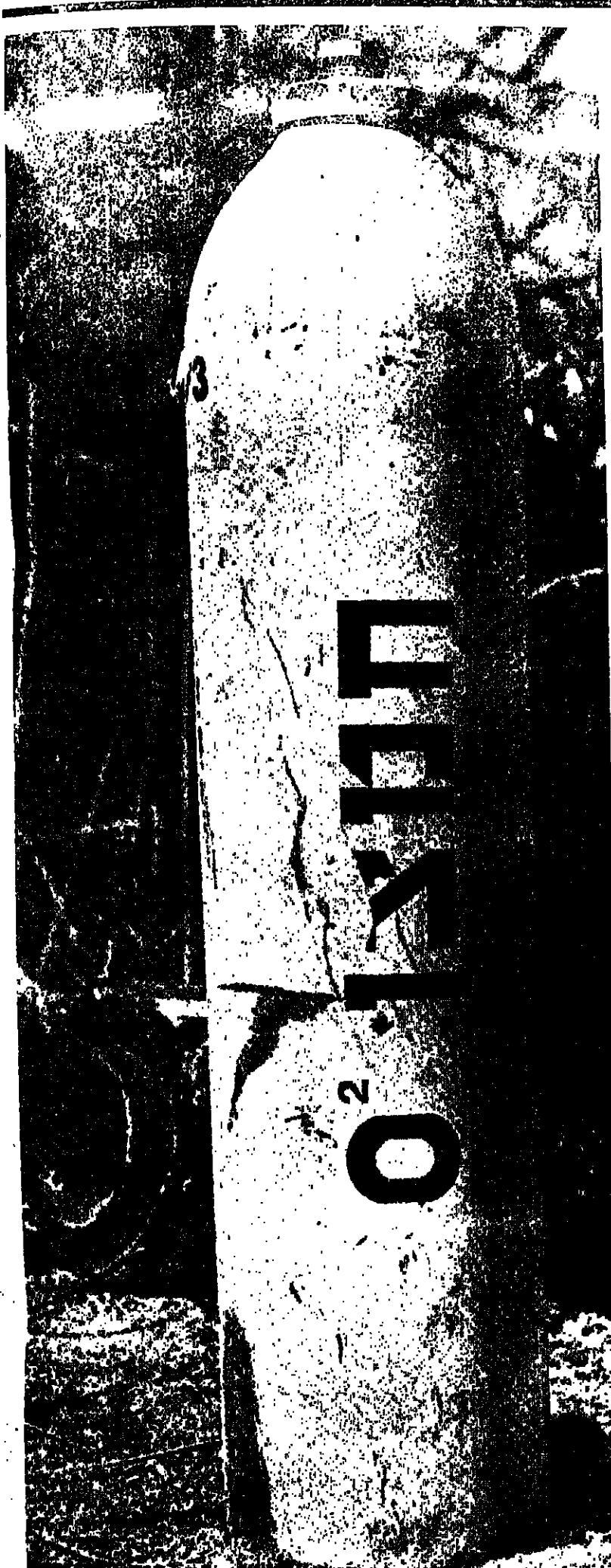
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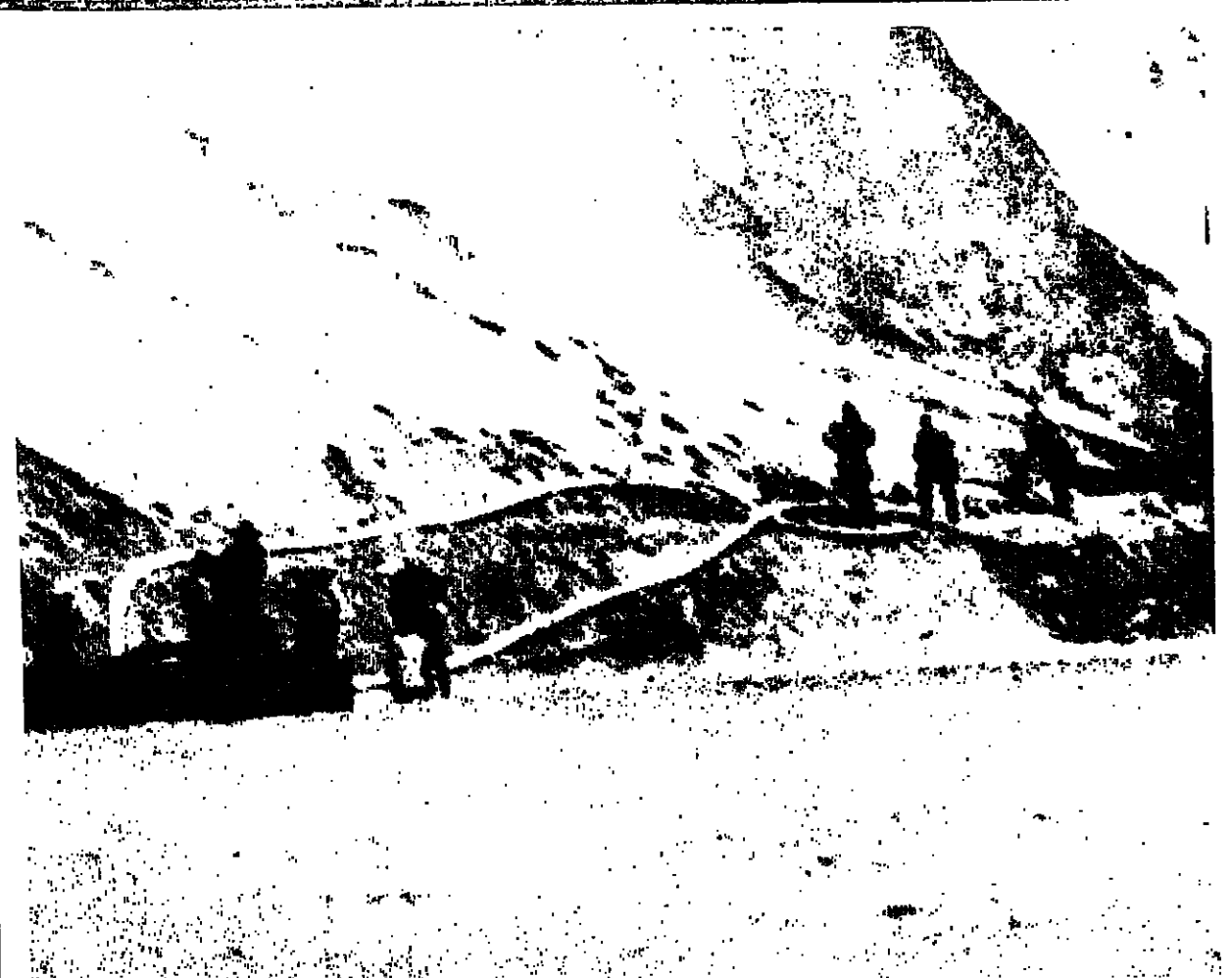
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EGYPTIAN OCTOBER

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1977



(Above) A water cannon used by the Egyptians to puncture the Israeli sand-dike along the Suez Canal. (Below) An erect young Israeli officer salutes the commander of the Egyptian force which captured his canal-side stronghold. (Left) A clearly marked oxygen cylinder is presented as a 'total destruction bomb.'



WHILE IN Jerusalem, President Sadat several times called the October 1973 war "the last war." Only a few weeks before, the General Egyptian Book Organization published an album, in English, on that war.

As is often the case in such albums, the publication showers praise on the Egyptian Army and its accomplishments. Its propaganda, happily, lacks some of the customary bombast, although it does represent the outcome as a great Arab victory.

Edited by Ahmed Anis in consultation with Maj.-Gen. Ez e-Din Mokhtar, the album is presented as an "authentic illustrated record" of the battles. But while it is useful and infor-

mative in dealing with the early Egyptian successes, it falters in its coverage of the latter part of the war, when things were not going so well. Israel's counter-strike across the Suez Canal, for example, is dismissed as a foolhardy adventure involving a handful of suicide-bent men.

Most interesting are the photographs. There are a large number of shots of Egypt's most successful and imaginative operation — the crossing of the Canal and the storming of the Bar-Lev Line. Of particular interest is the rare photo of the pump-driven pressure hoses, mounted on small boats, which the Egyptians used to punch some 70 passages through the high sand barrier

Israel had erected along the east bank of the waterway. The text describes how the technique was adapted by an Egyptian Army engineer, from the method used to shift vast quantities of earth during the construction of the Aswan High Dam.

There are some slip-ups as well. The most glaring error is the reproduction of a quite innocuous oxygen cylinder, clearly marked in Hebrew and with the symbol "O," on it, over this caption: "Although Israel knows that such total destruction bombs were prevented by international law." The album is being sold in Europe, and was displayed at the recent Frankfurt Book Fair. □

DAVID BERNSTEIN

مركز من الاصل

THE GUEST ON THE SIXTH FLOOR



The two sides sit down to a working dinner in the hotel.

(Israel Government Press Office.)

One of the places in Jerusalem where arrangements had to be made at top speed to receive President Sadat and his entourage was the King David Hotel. Post reporter AARON SITTNER describes how it rose to the occasion.

BUT WHY WAS the King David chosen in the first place? There are other fine hotels in Jerusalem. "I can't speak for the hosts — the Prime Minister's Office," said Pink. "As you know, there are several things to be taken into account when a head of state tells you at the last minute that he's coming to visit you...especially if you don't even know how long he is staying."

The border police and other security authorities — both the host's and the guest's — have their own ideas about which hotel is best for a particular visitor. There are certain nuances in this business of safety: What may be best for Sadat's security may not be best for Hussein's.

Then there is the question of communications. It takes valuable hours for radio and TV and telex lines to be set up on a grand scale. The KD, with the Nixon and Kissinger visits in its recent roster, enjoys a semi-permanent communications wiring network right beneath its kerb.

And the Municipality, too, must have its say. If a controversial statesman's visit is to be a lengthy one, which thoroughfares can be sealed off for the longest time without crippling the city? In other words, in which section of the city can we find a suitable hotel where those conditions can be fulfilled?

"To tell you the truth," Pink confided, "I would like to think that we were chosen because we are the best hotel in Jerusalem. But who knows?"

ONE OF THE MOST important zones of a hotel — whether in Jerusalem, Cairo, Kuala Lumpur or New York — is the dining area.

Didn't someone say that a lot of history has been written at the dinner table, as well as the negotiating table.

If this is true, then Avraham Weiner, the King David's maître d'hôtel, could be called a statesman as well.

"In my capacity here I meet many prominent people," he told me as he leaned back in his chair against a wall covered with autographed photos of Yitzhak Rabin, Golda Meir, Henry Kissinger, the three U.S. spacemen who walked on the moon and other world figures whom he has attended during their stay at the hotel. "But I must say that this man — Sadat — radiates greatness," Weiner insisted. "Not only is he stately, but a very warm and friendly person at the same time."

WEINER reports that Anwar Sadat is a light eater. He tends to forego lunch, even though his breakfast fare is only some yoghurt, honey and tea.

Compared with President Nixon, who brought along his own caterer and catering equipment, Mr. Sadat travels very modestly. There was a personal aide, a combination butler-waiter and a cook. "None of the three ever requested anything special, though I was prepared to provide anything at all at any time," says Weiner.

But aside from the President, he notes, "the rest of the Egyptians just kept eating all day...which, as far as we are concerned, is a compliment to our service."

FOR WEINER, 25 years at the King David, the piece de resistance of the unprecedented 44-hour adventure came on Sunday night, at the banquet-like

working dinner he arranged for the 34 participants representing the Egyptian and Israeli sides.

About eight minutes after the busboys had removed the main-course plates from the table (antique gilded porcelain reserved for state visits), an assistant headwaiter whispered that dessert should be coming soon.

Ariel Sharon and others at the table who are used to dining at the KD expected a slice of fine cake. The Egyptians, of course, had no idea what the dessert might be.

Surprise, surprise! The smartly dressed waiters wheeled in two silver trays, each the size of an average home dining-room table.

On each tray was a pair of huge Egyptian pyramids made of chocolate-lemon-sponge cake, frosted in snow-white topping. Connecting the tips of each pair of pyramids was a bridge made of chocolate, with the word "Peace" in Arabic and Hebrew, fashioned out of whipped cream, strung across it. The base of the pyramids — less stable than those at Giza — was underpinned with ice cream and fresh fruit salad.

"It must have made a hit," said Weiner modestly. "For a few minutes there were none of the muffled tones used when discussing matters of state. Suddenly, everyone was talking about 'those luscious pyramids'."

AS MANAGER of a hotel, Ian Pink must be gracious to all guests — pleasant and insolent alike. With the Sadat group, he says, it was very easy indeed to be gracious.

"They were an unusually amiable bunch," he observed. "From the President all the way down to their own porter, their attitude towards our 330 workers

was impeccable. They displayed the same spirit of friendliness and courtesy to the chambermaids and restroom attendants as they did to me or the maître d'hôtel."

Within 90 minutes of Mr. Sadat's leaving Jerusalem, the King David Hotel took on the air of a deserted palace. A few tardy communications engineers were reeling up their wires and dismantling their UHF antennae. And hotel maintenance men were seen restoring the sixth floor — Sadat stayed in room 622 — to its old self.

Hotel rooms were to become hotel rooms again. Quite a few of them were requisitioned for other uses during the visit. One, adjacent to the royal suite, was transformed into a kitchen. But it was hardly used after President Sadat's personal cook toured the hotel kitchens and liked what he saw.

Another special facility set up for the visit was a first-aid room "just in case." Why a special first-aid station when a house doctor is always available in the hotel?

"Should an emergency arise," explained Pink, "there could be the danger of a fatal delay in rushing life-saving medical equipment through all that security barrier outside. We didn't believe in taking that chance during such a momentous visit."

And, of course, many more rooms were turned into offices and news bureaux by the hordes of journalists tailing Mr. Sadat and his group.

OUTSIDE the hotel, metre upon metre of blue burlap was strung across the wire fence surrounding the building to hide the scaffolding base that has been there since repair work began several months ago. The visit came at such short notice that there was no time to remove it.

Overlooking the northern ramp leading to the main entrance, a huge bridge platform was set up to serve the television camera crews and press photographers. This has come down, along with the blue burlap, now that the visit is over.

The Egyptian flags that fluttered on the roof poles are lying neatly folded in the KD's storeroom, along with the red carpet used for royalty and heads of state, which was brought out for the occasion.

YEKUTIEL "Xiel" Federman is the boss of the Dan hotel chain and, of course, he stayed at his flagship hotel for those momentous 44 hours. Xiel, a philosophical hotelkeeper if there ever was one, told *The Jerusalem Post* that "the Sadat-Begin meeting here recalls the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting in Cairo in 1943, because Begin and Sadat, like FDR and Winston, displayed lots of guts."

Xiel Federman is proud at having spent 20 minutes with President Sadat in his room. "I came away with a wonderful feeling," he sighed. "He's a great man, all right, and spoke very highly of Begin."

In fact, when Xiel had finished giving his impressions of the Egyptian leader, he rang for a secretary.

"Please take a letter," he ordered. "...Dear Mr. Begin, after watching you over the weekend, both here and on television, carrying the heavy burden of state so well, please accept my invitation for you and Mrs. Begin to spend a few days as my guest at the Dan Caesarea Hotel. The beautiful surroundings will help you relax after this hectic but history-making visit of His Excellency President Sadat..." □

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هكذا من الأصل

IN MOST CULTURAL traditions, the distinction between sacred and secular texts is clearly defined. In Jewish literature, however, this division is not so apparent. The reason for this blurring of categories is obvious: the Bible is held in such high regard as the literal word of God that until this century it has been the main focus for all subsequent Jewish literature, both sacred and secular, much of which presents itself simply as a commentary on it, or as a commentary on the commentary.

How, then, was the distinction between sacred and secular arrived at? It was derived from the key tradition that holds that when Moses received the Torah, he also received the Oral Law, which interpreted and elaborated the Written Law. The Oral Law was transmitted by word of mouth for many centuries, until Rabbi Yehuda Hanasi compiled and edited the Mishna about 200 C.E. This elaboration of the biblical law became the basis of the commentaries known as the Gemara. Mishna and Gemara together form the Talmud, which is regarded as the embodiment of the Oral Law, and thus was afforded an authority second in importance only to that of the Bible, and in certain respects even taking precedence over it.

With the Bible and Talmud, then, Jewish literature is securely rooted in two thoroughly sacred texts. But the aura of authority of the Oral Law pales with each subsequent addition to the sacred canon. In the realm of the traditional law it is the Halacha, the legal stratum of the Talmud, that constitutes the definitive authority.

BUT IN THE REALM of the Aggadah, the second type of commentary found in the Talmud, consisting mostly of the various rabbinic legends associated with biblical narratives, additions and innovations continued for centuries after the word on the Talmud was brought to a close (ca. 500 C.E.). These legends, presented in the exegetical form known as Midrash, were collected in several major anthologies, the most important of which is the multi-volume Midrash Rabbah, whose Midrashim came to be regarded as a part of the legacy of the Oral Law.

Yet long before the completion of the Midrash Rabbah, a new kind of Aggadic material had sprung up, the spontaneous folklore of the exiled and oppressed people who

Once upon a time



Illustration by Margot Zemach from Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Nafull the Storyteller and his Horse, Sus" (Oxford University Press, £2.25)

MIMEKOR YISRAEL: Classical Jewish Folktales collected by Micha Joseph Bin Gorion, translated by I.M. Lask. Indiana University Press, 1,563 pp. \$50.

Howard Schwartz

found solace in re-imagining the Bible and the subsequent history of their saints, martyrs and great rabbis. Although the style of presentation of these legends tends to be less didactic and more narrative than that of the Midrash, the legends themselves are cut from the same cloth.

In recognition of this fact, the great Talmudic scholar, Louis Ginzberg, began early in this century to gather tales relating to biblical motifs from every available source, sacred and secular, and wove them into a single, continuous narrative, in his seven-volume masterpiece, *The Legends of the Jews*.

In addition to the works of Ginzberg, much Midrashic material has been presented in this century by writers of such distinction as Bialik, Martin Buber, S.Y. Agnon and Robert Graves. Most of the Hassidic folktales

remained unwritten until the arrival of such inspired scholars as S. Ansky and Dov Noy. Jewish tradition had little regard for non-sacred literature until our own age, when it has served to inspire the writings of I.L. Peretz, Agnon, Isaac Bashevis Singer and others.

IN RETROSPECT, it is apparent that the oral tradition of folkloristic creativity remained as vital as ever throughout the long centuries of the Middle Ages, and the new tales that were brought into being are every bit as beautiful and profound as the earlier legends.

Much of this valuable legacy was lost over the ages due to lack of concern, and much more would have been lost in this century of upheaval and destruction were it not for the efforts of Micha Joseph Berdyczewski, a Russian-born Zionist whose pen-name was Bin Gorion. Although unorthodox in his approach, Bin Gorion, a highly skilled editor, saw with an unimpeded vision the value of this scattered treasure, and set for himself the task of gathering and ordering as much of it as possible during his lifetime.

Bin Gorion has long been

recognized in Israel as one of the major pioneering spirits whose energy helped pave the way for the establishment of the Jewish nation. And in the realm of Jewish literature, Bin Gorion's goal was no less than a rebirth of Hebrew literature, written in the Hebrew language, a movement in which he played a great role both as a prolific author of fiction (much of it a reworking of ancient legends) and of essays, and as an editor. His monumental collection, the first volume of which did not appear until 17 years after his death in 1921, has been published in English for the first time under the title of *Mimekor Yisrael*, an apt phrase from the 68th Psalm, meaning "the fountain of Israel."

OUT OF THE more than 5,000 legends and tales Bin Gorion collected, he selected over 1,000 for publication in *Mimekor Yisrael*. In contrast to Ginzberg's *Legends*, Bin Gorion preserved the original versions of the stories and resisted the temptation to weave several tales into one. Instead, he often wisely chose two or three variations of the same story, and students of folklore should find these variants fascinating.

The collection is divided into four sections: National Tales, Religious Tales, Folktales and Oriental Tales. They range in length from short paragraphs to 20-page stories, but the average tale is told very economically, in a page or two.

No comparable book exists that chronicles so well mediaeval Jewish legends such as those about the 10 lost tribes, the miracles of the Prophet Elijah, and a multitude of tales about demons and dybbuks, and the births, deaths and wonders of the greatest rabbis, heroes, saints and scholars.

Many of the tales continue legends begun in the Midrash, but in general they emphasize the narrative element much more than is common in the Midrash, although the moral element remains intact.

Bin Gorion's effort is worthy of his eminent predecessors, who preserved the sacred texts that have come down to us word for word. *Mimekor Yisrael* is a set that should not only find its place in the annals of folklore along with *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and *The Arabian Nights*, but also deserves to be recognized as one of the cornerstones of the texts that can be said to constitute traditional Jewish literature. □

Tales selected from *Mimekor Yisrael*:

The Vision of the Man who Fell Asleep in the Synagogue

A CERTAIN MAN fell asleep in the synagogue at night, and the attendant locked him in. At midnight he woke up and saw the souls swathed in the prayer shawls, and among them were two men who were still alive.

Those two lived only a few days and then died. (Vol. III, page 1265)

From Aleph to Yod

ONCE DURING the Days of Awe Rabbi Isaac Luria, whom it is so good to remember, prayed with great intensity. And the Ministering Angels showed him that in such and such a town there was a man who prayed better than he did. So the rabbi travelled to that city, summoned the man, and asked him whether he was a scholar.

"No," the man answered. Then the rabbi asked him: "Can you pray?" "No," said the man. Then the rabbi asked him once again: "What did you do during the last Days of Awe?"

"Rabbi," the man said to him, "even in our alphabet I only know the letters from Aleph to Yod. When I came to the synagogue and I saw how intently and loudly everybody was praying while I could not pray at all, my heart broke within me. Then I began to say: 'Aleph, Beth, Gimmel, and so on to Yod.' After that, I said: 'Lord of the Universe, you take these letters and turn them into words and combine them together, and may they rise before you as a sweet scent!' That is what I said with a broken heart and with all my strength, over and over again."

The words of this man had greater effect in heaven than the prayers of Rabbi Isaac. For in truth the Holy and Blessed One seeks only the heart. (Vol. II, page 871)

The Golem of Rabbi Elijah

OUR MOST LEARNED master and rabbi Elijah, head of the court of the holy congregation of Cheim, was well versed in the Book of Yetsira and created a human figure and performed wonders by the powers of the practical Kabbala at a time of urgent need and peril.

A certain sage saw that the creature that had been so fashioned grew larger and larger. The rabbi feared that it might destroy the world, so he removed the holy Name which was on its forehead; and it turned to nothing and returned to earth. (Another version adds: But it injured its maker some say, scratching his face while he was forcibly removing the Name from its forehead.) (Vol. II, page 822)

WHERE IS TIME, Amichai asks in this collection of poems, what is its location, what are its spatial coordinates? One after another these poems test possible solutions to his question, searching out the ways in which time informs places, events and personal relationships.

A glance, a smile, an odd angle of a building or an erect Roman pillar, the special Jerusalem light in mid-summer: we observe time everywhere in these poems as a process and an on-going activity mirrored in their sinewy verbs and athletic language.

Irony, witty, lyrical, breathing at times into a childlike enthusiasm or slipping with an old man's sadness, these poems enact a dance of opposites, as they balance expectation and desire, frustration and memory, sexuality and release, death and birth. The reader is invited to a magic lantern show in which these are pined and superimposed on each other. Amichai's is a most potent

Past and future

HAZMAN (The Time), by Yehuda Amichai, Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, Schocken, 82 pp. IL25.

Murray Baumgarten

magic and we participate with him in this dance to prove time against the pulses of his words and phrases.

The passage of Time, a classic poetic theme and preoccupation since Shakespeare, receives a vivid Israeli treatment in this collection. It is everywhere (and yet like the wind, nowhere) in the scenes and situations from which these poems grow, imaged in the buildings and shifting borders of Jerusalem briefly alluded to, in

the daily and weekly rituals of everyday Israeli life on which they are built.

These trigger memory for the poet, and he allows it to sweep him into feeling. Then, in a typical example — after meditating on his father he recalls that he is a now father to his son — emotion leads him on to thought. Thus the present is the knot woven from the crossing of time past and future, and feeling and thinking intertwine to make the meanings of these poems.

AS AN ISRAELI, and a Jew writing in Hebrew, Amichai is also conscious of an additional dimension to his work, unavailable even to a writer as keenly interested in time as Proust. Briefly, there is a biblical dimen-

sion to this poetry, an echo of and a comparable power, intensity and scope. We have the dryness, irony and wit of Auden, along with the passion of Rilke.

As a man, Amichai is not pious, and yet these poems are stamped with a profound religious quality. Wit tempers feeling and emotion teases thought into action. Furthermore, Amichai displays an awareness of the centrality of time for the Jews. His poems constantly play around this question, and are informed with a profound sense of how time is the medium celebrated by the language of the Jews as well as their greatest Book, determining their existence as the people who bear witness not only to God's but history's force. Taking upon himself this burden, in love and fear, Amichai has written a modern version of the Book of Psalms.

FOR THOSE to whom Hebrew is not native, these poems, because of their supple classic diction, are

easily accessible. They read easily, and will repay re-reading. And it is worth saying that Amichai's stature as a poet — different from and yet surely approaching Pablo Neruda's as an interpreter and reflector of a particular culture to the world — can only be enhanced by this splendid volume.

These are daring poems, breathtaking in their imaginative brilliance, yet always clean and supple. Don't miss, among others, number seventeen, where the poet stands before his beloved and takes the place of a mirror as she combs her hair after a shampoo. He sees a shining pine forest, he hears inner and outer silence ... and then mirror and mirrored join.

In short, this is a book whose pleasures urge us on to accept the seriousness of the poem's concerns, till delight and instruction are so mingled that we are hard put to say where one ends and the other begins. □

Expanding torrent

LIDDELL HART: A Study of his Military Thought by Brian Bond. London, Cusell, 289 pp. £7.95.

Martin van Creveld

WHEN BRIAN BOND, a lecturer in war studies at King's College, London, and a long-time friend of Liddell Hart's, was given permission to use the latter's archives in order to write about him, it was stipulated by his widow that there should be a book about Liddell Hart's military thought, but not a biography. Consequently, in trying to understand the motive-power behind the greatest military critic of our time — and one who exercised a significant influence on several Israeli generals — we are dependent on occasional hints rather than the full story.

Born in 1895, Basil Liddell Hart went to a school where he was roughed up. His ambition was to enter the Navy, but, at the age of 13, he was rejected on medical grounds. The boy subsequently developed an interest in two fields: sports and things military.

In 1914, aged 18, he had reached the conclusion that "I believe in compulsory service because it is the only possible life for a MAN." He also believed in "the essential inferiority of women" — and, during the rest of his life, continued to stress that inferiority by insisting that his womenfolk wear skirts, not trousers.

Not possessed of any great natural bent for games, Liddell Hart tried to make up in brains what he lacked in brawn; hence a lifelong interest in tactics. War was essentially the greatest game of all.

As he wrote in 1916, had it only been less "ghastly and horrible," it would be "the finest purifier of nations ever known." Even as it was, war "taken in small doses" was "the finest forge of character

and manliness." He accordingly devoted the rest of his life to an attempt to ensure that the next war would no longer be total but would be taken in small doses.

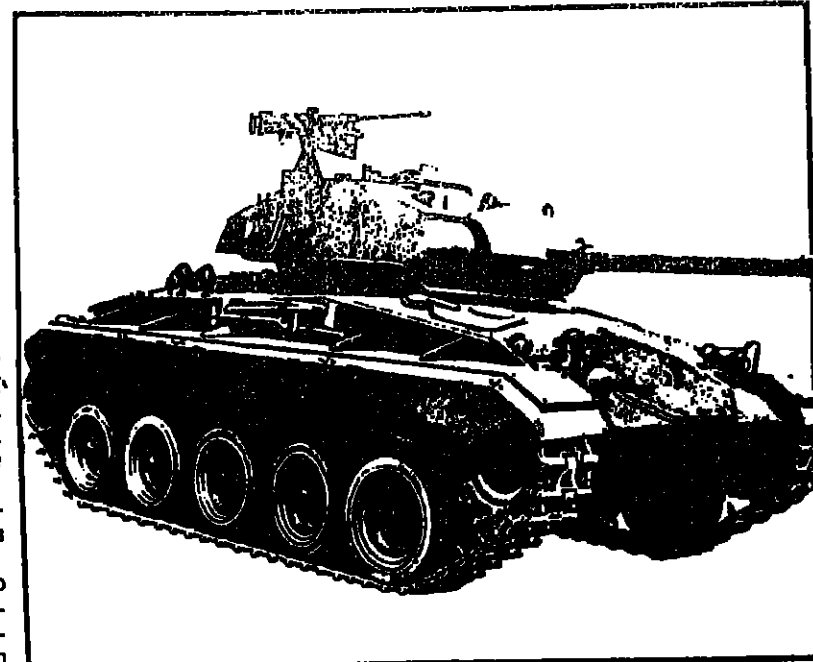
LIDDELL HART saw active service for a few months only; badly gassed, he was sent back to England and declared unfit for combat duty. He spent the rest of the war training infantry, and it was here that he began to make a name for himself. This experience led him to criticize, first, the tactics of the British, then, their conduct of the war as a whole. Thus was born a lifelong pursuit.

His first real contribution to military science was the "expanding torrent," a system of infantry attack that was really an elaboration of Ludendorff's tactics in 1918. Liddell Hart not only showed a fine grasp of the principles involved; he also invented an excellent catch-phrase to call them by. The man who could describe a single game of tennis in four different ways for four different newspapers was never at a loss for words — which to some extent accounts for his extraordinary success.

Originally an infantryman, in 1922 Liddell Hart became a believer in armour and applied, unsuccessfully, for a transfer to the Royal Tank Corps. Invalided and put on half pay, he decided to leave the Army and make his career as a journalist and writer.

His first concern was to find a way of correcting the errors of the British High Command; hence his advocacy of the expanding torrent, mechanization, the indirect approach and limited war.

Of these, the first was meant to overcome trench warfare on the tactical level. The second was originally meant for the same purpose, but Liddell Hart's fertile imagination soon elaborated this by envisaging great tank-armies playing games of football over an



enormous field, cutting supply lines and annihilating command posts.

The indirect approach meant that, on the strategic level, attacks should henceforward be launched not straight against the enemy's defences but around them. To substantiate this theory, he wrote a famous book proving that all great commanders used this method even when they did not know it. The doctrine of limited war was meant to ensure that war, fought with limited forces against limited targets and with limited aims, would in fact be taken in small doses.

BY THE AGE of 40, Liddell Hart had already made all his most important contributions to military science; henceforward he continued to develop them in a stream of books and articles. Though these were very widely read, it is difficult to assess his real influence.

His views on mechanization did not gain acceptance, at any rate not sufficiently to prevent the disaster of 1940. His 1939 book on the essential superiority of the defen-

sive was ill-timed, coming as it did before some of the greatest offensive victories in all history. World War II, instead of being limited, became more total than any of its predecessors.

As an unofficial advisor to the (Jewish) Secretary of State for War, Leslie Hore-Bellisha, in 1937, 38 Liddell Hart was instrumental in getting rid of some inefficient officers — but this led him into conflict with the General Staff, which successfully insisted that he be removed.

During World War II, Liddell Hart repeatedly tried to get himself an official appointment in some advisory capacity. These attempts all ended in failure, though several important commanders are known to have consulted him privately. His salvation, paradoxically, came from the defeated German generals. Confronted with a man who was prepared to help them improve the terms of their imprisonment, they were all too ready to attribute their victories to his influence.

In a chapter devoted to Liddell Hart's effect on the Wehrmacht,

Brian Bond makes it clear that, even though it is impossible to single out any specific contribution, his writings were avidly read and widely discussed.

The same conclusion, interestingly enough, emerges from Bond's discussions with Israeli generals; though several said that Liddell Hart's writings had served "to trigger off their own thoughts," none could single out a specific contribution. Perhaps, too, no more could be expected; as Clausewitz wrote, generals should study military theory in order to help them to analyse and reflect, not in order to take it with them to the battlefield.

AFTER WORLD WAR II, classical strategy gave way to nuclear deterrence on one hand, and guerrilla warfare on the other. Neither possessed the characteristics of a game; neither, therefore, engaged Liddell Hart's deepest interest. In 1960, though an occasional "classical" war (e.g., the one of 1987) could still arouse his enthusiasm, he gave up his attempt to deal with contemporary strategy and concentrated on historical studies. His house became a Mecca for generals and writers on military matters; in 1968, when he was knighted, his contribution finally received official recognition. In a way, this proved the validity of his doctrine regarding the indirect approach: it was only when he no longer tried to influence policy-makers directly that they came to recognize his great merits.

On all these, and other, aspects of a long life, Brian Bond's book is excellent. It tackles its subject sympathetically, discusses it with great conscientiousness and makes use not merely of Liddell Hart's voluminous published writings but, above all, of his enormous and meticulously filed collection of private papers, memoranda and letters. The picture that emerges is neither free of blemishes nor really complete; but for all that, what a fascinating picture it is. □

Sunflower seeds

MEETINGS WITH PASTERNAK by Alexander Gladkov. Translated and introduced by Max Hayward. London, Collins and Harvill Press, 223 pp. £4.95.

Edith B. Frankel

IN THE PAST year Jerusalem has had a series of close, if posthumous, associations with Boris Pasternak. Andrei Sinyavsky, the eminently respected and gifted literary critic who wrote the definitive introduction to the Leningrad published collection of Pasternak's poetry in 1965, was a guest of the city in October. Several weeks ago we had the great good fortune to have here the literary critic Christopher Barnes, who delivered a fascinating lecture, later broadcast on Kol Yisrael, on the young Pasternak as a composer. And last spring, Max Hayward, of Oxford, spent a couple of months here, working on the translation and introduction to Alexander Gladkov's *Meetings with Pasternak*. We can take pride in the fact that the fine introduction is destined Jerusalem.

Alexander Gladkov (1912-1976) was a Russian playwright who wrote a couple of successful plays before being sent off to prison camp for six years in 1948. From his youth he had been an avid admirer of Pasternak's poetry and his first meeting with him at Meyerhold's house in 1936 was the beginning of an acquaintance which warmed into friendship.

The present volume is a collection of memoirs, some taken directly from Gladkov's diary, of his meetings with Pasternak. With the playwright's ear for dialogue, Gladkov managed to reproduce sections of conversations which retain the lively immediacy of an original. The book takes us from Meyerhold's house to Christopol, where both Pasternak and Gladkov lived during part of World War II — in a community of well-known writers — and then to wartime and postwar Moscow, where they saw one another from time to time.

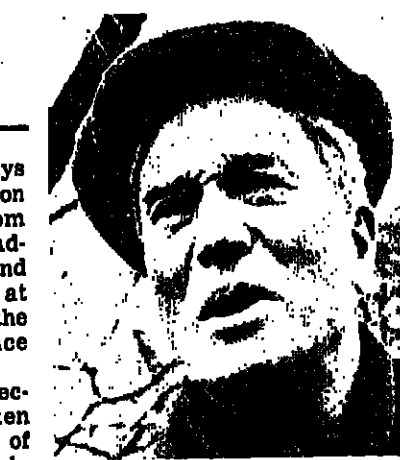
GLADKOV, with all the adoration of a younger man for one of the great Russian poets of the century, presents a vivid, affectionate, yet open-eyed portrait of his subject. From it Pasternak emerges in all the varied dimensions of his personality: naive, filled with an almost childlike

enthusiasm, sometimes vague and self-centred, spontaneous, warm-hearted, of an open and independent spirit, eager to please, a man of principle and personal courage.

Nadezhda Mandelstam herself recalls, in *Hope against Hope*, that Pasternak was the only person to come to see her on hearing of Mandelstam's death.

However, in other respects her description of Pasternak and Gladkov's differ sharply, hers being in the main the less generous of the two. For example, her criticism of Pasternak's materialism clashes with Gladkov's view of the man under harsh wartime conditions:

"He tried to see something good in all these inconveniences and hardships ... I have rarely met anyone so patient, so unspoiled, and



with such a capacity to endure as Pasternak. Simplicity and a modest way of life seemed to be part of his nature ... When I was in a camp myself I often thought of Pasternak and felt that even there he would have been just as serene, cheerful and amiable."

What one derives from Gladkov's memoirs is a sense of what Pasternak's poetry meant to Russians, and what the poet himself symbolized for them.

Rather than whisking the reader off to exotic places, Pasternak "took all the familiar things he had known from childhood and turned them into poetry: the town and its streets, husks of sunflower seeds, the taste of a piece of orange, a garden gleaming under the rain at night, the languor of a waltz, bookshelves with tomes by ancient philosophers and historians."

Thanks to the magic of his poetry, wrote Gladkov, "every summer shower began to seem like a quotation from him, as did every misty dawn, every garden splashed with morning dew ..."

AS A PUBLIC FIGURE, Pasternak came to represent a last bastion of moral sense for his age. Muddle-headed in public, incapable of coping with his own material welfare, Pasternak was nevertheless single-minded and undoubting in his judgments when faced by the moral dilemmas of anyone so patient, so unspoiled, and

Here again the book is highly significant. In that it bears witness to the fact that Pasternak did intend *Dr. Zhivago* as a challenge to the regime under which he lived. Sitting in a park by the Kromlin in the summer of 1947, Pasternak told Gladkov that he had begun working on the novel when he realized that the radical change for the better so confidently awaited during the war was not to be.

"The novel is absolutely essential for me as a way of expressing my feelings. One cannot sit with folded arms. A man is responsible for his life and everything that has been given him."

Max Hayward's introduction to the volume is as stimulating as the beginning as one could wish. He both analyses the importance of Gladkov's memoirs and presents a sensitively drawn, unforgettable reminiscence of the only time he himself saw Pasternak in person.

Hayward then discusses Gladkov's analysis of *Zhivago* and counters it with his own.

While Gladkov criticizes it as a poor novel, Hayward sees it less as a novel than as a "lyrical kaleidoscope" and as a successful attempt to capture the essence of the period. Indeed, after reading this thought-provoking book, one is left with a desire to leaf through *Zhivago*, to read the poetry once more — and with the hope that Hayward will some day provide us with a more substantial work on Pasternak. □

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Cauldron bubble

INJURY TIME by Beryl Bainbridge. London, Duckworth, 158
pp. £3.95.

GREAT GRANNY WEBSTER by
Caroline Blackwood. London,
Duckworth, 135 pp. £3.95.

Evelyn Strouse

THIS LITERARY witches' brew
has been stirred in separate pots,
each generating its own peculiar
heat. Beryl Bainbridge — to begin
with the more Macbethian of the
two belittles and the more ex-
travagantly (and justly) praised —
has thrown fear and cuckoldry,
rape and robbery (to say nothing
of adolescent, monopausal, and
geriatric high jinks) into her con-
coction, and spiced it with the
grim yet hilarious humour for
which she is famous.

She has contrived a shabby
love-nest for an oddly-assorted
pair — Binny, 46-ish, manically
protective mother of three, earthy
in her speech and wily in her
person, and Edward, fat, fifty, the
archetype of a well-heeled ac-
countant — and has invited into it
the Simpsons, a married couple of
Edward's acquaintance. Binny in-
sists upon meeting his "real"
friends because, as she tells him,
"I'm not going to be hidden in the
shadows of the saloon bar any
longer."

They all arrive for dinner at
Binny's squalid little house,
blessedly free for the evening of
her outrageous children whom she
has farmed out at various
neighbours. Chewing lamb chops
and engaging in unrelated
monologues, the guests are
tailed into silence by Binny's
wandering friend and confidante,
Alma, who stumbles drunkenly
into their midst wearing a
soaking-wet mock leopard-skin
coat. "A false eyelash, partially
adrift on her left lid, hung at a ra-
fish angle over one eye; she
appeared to be lewdly winking."
She is a woman who stays at home
only when she feels that her hus-
band will be driven wilder by her
presence than by her absence.

Mistress of the discombobulating
phrase, she manages to shock
Edward and the Simpsons and
even to unsettle Binny before she
curls up on the couch and gently
begins to snore.

But she is to sleep neither
peacefully nor long. She wakes, is
stok all over Mrs. Simpson's
elegant fur wrap, and then
is catapulted with the others into a
takeover by a gang of thieves,
complete with camouflaged baby-
carriage and transvestite male.
The edgy dinner guests have
become hostages. Miss Bain-
bridge turns the 24-hour siege into
assault by cherry pie, much as
Charles Addams might were he a
writer instead of a cartoonist.
Indeed, Binny is not unlike the
limp, lank-haired Gorgon who
slouches through the Addams
oeuvre. "I'm just about to put the
kettle on," she says musingly to
the cowering quartet of con-men, one
of whom has briefly raped her,
another complained about her
casual housekeeping, and a third
smashed a couple of lamps and
most of the available crockery.

LIKE A THRENODY pulsing un-
der the careless violence of the
gangsters, the disjointed words
and fantasies of the guests can be
heard in crazy counterpoint.
Edward simultaneously throbs

Cover from 'Great Granny Webster.'

with love for Binny and shakes
with wife-ridden guilt. He yearns
to be a hero and wets his pants in-
stead. Neither Simpson can stand
the other, but he is placatory,
fearful that she will uncover his
dirty little passions, she con-
descending, knowing that he
doesn't uncover hers. The totally
immoral Alma, convinced that the
house is wired for sound, an-
nounces in conspiratorial tones
that the alarm clock is in her
bedroom closet and that they —
whoever "they" are — had better
convey the message to her hus-
band so that he doesn't oversleep.
Through it all the crooks maintain
a running commentary on the
woeful state of Binny's and
Edward's morals.

The book is a mad foray into the
world of the Marx Brothers, with
Groucho playing Edgar Allan
Poe, and a sinister figure,
probably Peter Lorre, lurking
around to make sure that in this
particular game everybody loses.
You'd better read it. And when
you've finished, perhaps you'll un-
derstand the title.

CAROLINE BLACKWOOD is
neither as trenchant in her wit nor
as deadly in her imaginings as
Beryl Bainbridge. She writes with
a droning insistence, a repetitive
urgency that builds up to the word
"Beware." The absence of
violence, moral judgment, action
of any kind, sets the teeth on edge
and the blood pounding for
someone to staunch the flow, to
put his finger in the dyke.

The Great Granny Webster of
the title is a woman in whose veins
runs ice water, whose face is un-
lined because she has never
laughed or cried, who approves of
no one but herself, and who spends
most of her waking hours sitting
strained and tense in a straight-
backed chair so brutally uncon-
fortable that her great-grand-
daughter wonders how she con-
trives to bear it without scream-
ing. Her great pride is her
faultless posture, product, no
doubt, of the hours spent each day
of her girlhood "with a hard board
strapped to her back."

But she seems a "light-footed
girl" compared to Richards, her
hump-backed, one-eyed servant,
who, bent double, lugs the
minuscule meals from the over-
grown basement kitchen to the vast
dining-room, lit by a single candle
and heated only by what lingering
warmth might remain in the food

after its long, slow journey up-
stairs.

Great Granny Webster's echo-
ing mansion is only five minutes
from the sea, but no tang of salt is
allowed to penetrate the heavy
draperies and certainly no 14-
year-old great-granddaughter is
permitted to sully her soles with
sand. There is no hint that the
house has ever harboured any
other living creatures yet, in fact,
Great Granny once had a
daughter and a granddaughter
and a grandson; the grandson was
father to the 14-year-old who has
come for a brief period to
recuperate in the bracing but for-
bidden sea-air.

THE TALE is slow, marching like
a minut to the strains of *Kinder-
todeslieder*, past scenes of night-
mare, insanity, and death. In
chilling understatement it reveals
that Great Granny's own
daughter has gone mad and is in
an asylum, committed
offhandedly by Great Granny;
that Lavinia, the frivolous, ex-
quisite voluptuary of a grand-
daughter, has taken her own life;
that Great Granny, having lived
at least ninety years, has be-
queathed her entire fortune to the
Society for Euthanasia, leaving to
the octogenarian Richards only
the straight-backed chair on which
to start life anew.

But skeletons in closets and
chills down your spine
notwithstanding, the book fails.
The fact that the great-grand-
daughter, the narrator, is given no
name is less troubling than that
she is given no identity, no per-
sonality, no face. And while others
in the macabre dance are iden-
tified, they are never inspired.
We know about Great Granny
Webster's appearance and habits
as we know about pictures in an
album. We recognize in Lavinia a
stock bit of upper-class frivolity
tricked out with unexpected
melancholia. Even Richards is a
carbon of a thousand English
maids in a thousand English
novels. Although we are dismayed
by the poison eating away at these
lives, we are not involved, do not
willingly suspend disbelief.
We admire the elliptical Blackwood
style, her refusal to be ruffled or
high-pitched, but we never forget
that we are reading.

Widowed

IN THE SPRINGTIME OF THE
YEAR by Susan Hill. Penguin,
London, 170 pp., 60p.

WHAT IS IT LIKE when Ruth, a
simple, uncomplicated English
country village girl suddenly
loses her husband? She is 20
years old, but she has lived a
lifetime in the year since she met
and married 27-year-old villager
Ben Bryce. They went to live in
the country, where she raised
chickens, tended their vegetable
garden and enjoyed their donkey
while he worked where he had
since a teenager, in the woods.

Throughout the ordeal and now,
Jo, her dead husband's 14-year-
old brother, is her primary con-
tact and friend. The village people
and even Ben's family think she is
crazy. But what is her misery
like? How can she cope with her
loss? These are the questions
which are intensely explored in
this novel. Susan Hill draws us
into the inner consciousness of
this introspective, innocent, inex-
perienced young woman and we
experience with her this deepest
of tragedies.

Sybil Zimmerman

The ultimate landscape

Gil Goldfine

GROWING up on his father's
farm in Migdal, on the shores of
Lake Kinneret, undoubtedly forged
for Israeli artist Michael Gross
an invaluable link with nature
which has led to a continuous and
serious visual dialogue with
landscape. His recent Israel
Museum show, minus some ex-
terior structures but containing
some additional installations, is
now at the Tel Aviv Museum.

Despite the absence of any
realistic or illusionistic con-
figurations in his recent works,
they strongly point to his being a
landscape painter in the classical
sense. His abstractions telegraph
the essence of open space, matter
and light.

The large single panels, dip-
tychs and polyptychs are very
elementary, each surface carved
into two or three bold shapes of
empty, off-white fields, broad
tonal patches and occasional ad-
jacent textures (like wooden beams,
burlap and rope) that are
physically attached to the main
body of the picture. Gross's con-
sistent use of soft pastel colouring,
mainly ochre and blue, and rough
nubby surfaces are reminiscent of
our local soil. What come across
are airy and bright expanses, con-
cise in their sharp definition
between land and sky.

Gross's pictures are
translations of vision and
memory, from real functions to
understated reductive abstrac-
tions. Untold details of form,
colour and natural activity are
stripped and sorted out until a
final simplification into the most
basic of basics is achieved.
Nothing is concealed or coded into
symbols or signs.

A 1975 polyptych (No. 2) is an
organization of six separate can-
vases, three pairs hung in a syn-
coped row. Each pair is a com-
bination of an overall pastel-
coloured frame and one slightly
larger white panel. The pinkish
tint increase or decrease in in-
tensity depending on the direction of
observation; if one concludes that
the white canvas is atmosphere,
then the changing coloured panels
are easily imaginable as the set-
ting sun or the fading light at
dusk. These descriptions are of
faint echoes, the pastoral quiet of
wind and field.

Like other artists in his im-
mediate circle, including Neu-
stein and Ratzman, and like the
painters who have influenced him,
such as Barnett Newman and
(possibly) Milton Avery, Gross is
far from producing minimal art.

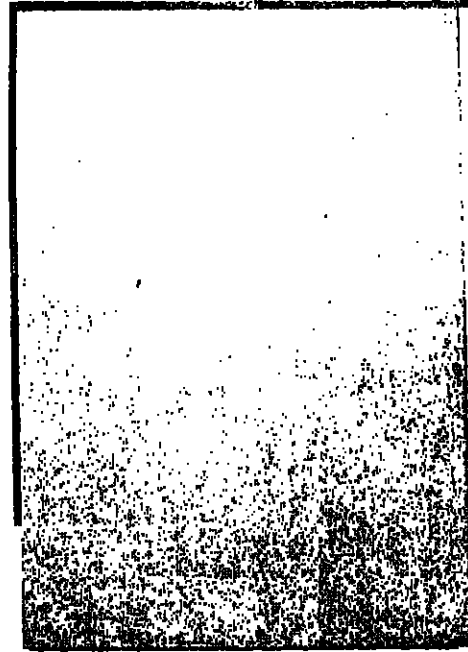
Although first impressions might
prompt one to see his work as ex-
amples of this style, the idea is

quickly negated as one observes a
freely brushed, activated, surface
and a non-mathematical line.
There is no commercialism and
no industrial factoring, merely
the results of an easel painter in
the tradition of Van Ruisdael and
Corot, reaching into his physical
environment to explore and ex-
pose its most dramatic and
spiritual side.

But Gross's choice of painting
style requires the utmost sen-
sitivity and consequently burdens
him with excessive demands.
Proportion, size and placement of
each element, as much as the
depth and choice of colours, are
the artist's only means of expres-
sion. And they must replace, and
then embody for the viewer,
everything he can imagine but not
directly see on the picture plane.

Often, however, Gross's sen-
sitivity doesn't reach the point
where one is totally satisfied with
the results. Either tensions aren't
finite enough, or compositions are
unpolished or colour doesn't peak
at richness or subtlety but hangs in
mid-spectrum without proper
force. His ideas and concepts are
usually more rewarding than the
finished product.

Gross is more successful with
his "combines," in which his
sculptural and architectural
background is brought to bear on



Michael Gross: installation (Tel Aviv Museum).

the success or failure of a work.
When Gross places a small block
of raw wood at the corner of a
large vertical plane of jute, the
balance and density of each is
complementary and understood.

He gathers all his forces of paint
and material in No. 6 "Painted
Canvas, Old Wood and Weathered
Rope" (see photo), an imposing
installation of angles and spaces
and planes. Farmhouse, trees and
ploughed fields are recalled when
only the barest minimum is por-
trayed. The literal becomes a self-
sustaining object, pleasing and
challenging. He transforms the
past into an absolute physical
thing embracing the spirit of the
outdoors. (Tel Aviv Museum,
King Saul Blvd.). Through
December.

MIHAIL CHEMIKIN, a recent
Russian emigre living in Paris,
shows very accomplished
lithographs that depict political
conditions through allegorical il-
lustrations. Butchers and porters
scurry around carting carcasses
of beef from nowhere to
"somewhere." They not only
carry their loads but are wrapped
in them as well, held captive by
strong ribs and heavy flesh. A
dullish palette of green grey,
ochre, sepia, tans and reddish
brown tones contoured and
shadowed by black are sombre
reminders of the pictorial content
and its biting implications
(Shamir Gallery, 24 Reiness, Tel
Aviv) Till Dec. 6.

GISELA SZOKE has examined
the vegetation, geology and
general landscape of the outback
in central Australia and has
painted her observations in an im-
aginary story-book style, a
microcosm of a lilliputian world.
Hard edge organic shapes
patterned after petals and rock
formations reflect harsh shadows
illuminated by mysterious light
sources. Colours are raw and
acidic, paralleling the unbending,
definitive and exacting brushwork
(Seagull of Jaffa, Gallery, 4
Paster, Old Jaffa). Till Dec. 2.

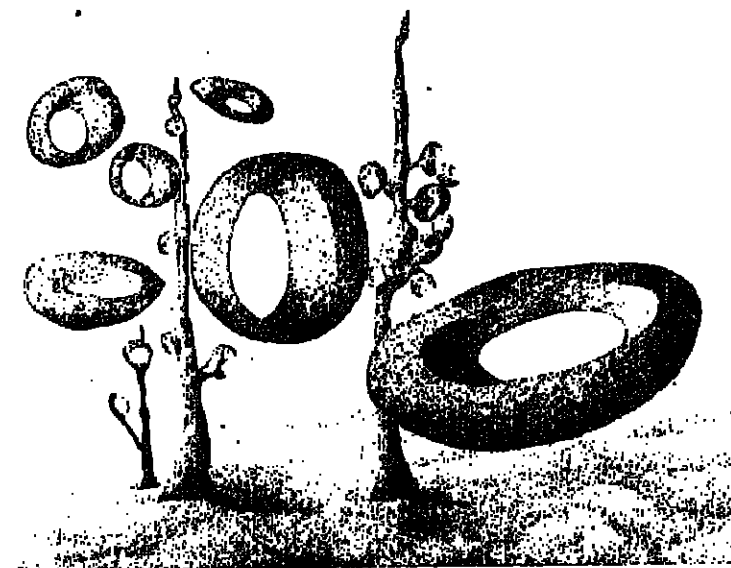
Perils of eclecticism

Meir Ronnen

TOVA BERLINSKI, a veteran
Jerusalem abstract expressionist
who recently had a brief flirtation
with the figurative references
from whence her abstractions
originally derived, is currently
showing a new set of paintings
done in pastels over brown paper.
All of them abstract. They are well
composed, harmonious in colour
and brought off with an impec-
cably fresh technique. They are
also quite unexciting. The reason:
an unbridled eclecticism which

either in conception or execution
summons up strong recollections
of Aviva Uri, Arie Aroch,
Meirowitch and even Lillane
Klapach. The more these works
are different, the more they re-
main the same, so that one longs
for another show of Berlinski can-
vases, where such gestural
derivations are much less in
evidence. Berlinski has the talent
to be her own woman. She must
again set herself problems of her
own to solve; and solve them in
her own way. (Debel Gallery, Elin
Karem). Extended till Dec. 10.

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(Seagull of Jaffa, Gallery, 4
Paster, Old Jaffa). Till Dec. 2.



Gisela Szoke: painting (Seagull Gallery, Old Jaffa).

Low life in Haifa

Ephraim Harris

"WOMEN IN LOVE" presents a
puzzle: find the theme, unless you
allow Shneur's illustrative brothel
scenes; his drawing of a re-
cumbent nude is not bad — typifying
much of the show, nudes in
various poses, e.g. Sandhaus's ex-
pressing fear or surprise (14);
Peretz-Arad's etching "Two
Women"; Pflanz's large-scale
seated and back turned (7). Dore-
ti presents a woman holding a
glass of wine, the best of his ex-
hibits; and Ofer whose eerie faces
are in profile, "Woman" con-
templating flowers. Shalev ex-
hibits too big a show of small-size
sculpture, all nudes — at times
she seems to have problems in
managing their arms and legs —
choice to "Seated Woman" (11)
and the formalised "Long-Necked
Girl" (Graphics 3, Gallery,
Haifa).

DOV PAZ, as in his first exhibi-
tion, draws in black and white and
paints in pastels forcible depic-
tions of low, brutish life in bars
and brothels; both inside and out-
side the personages roam in
herds. Paz's attitude is one of dis-
gust. Composition is often too
direct, not taking advantage of its
possibilities. The better composed
are: 3, persons staring through
houseless windows; 14, the crowd
pouring down a narrow walled
lane; and, among others, 10 and
37, where their sole individuality
consists in the numbers imprinted
on each figure by a rubber stamp.
The circus clowns in bars (33 and
34) widen the range of characters.
Best of all are his three acrylics,
strongly painted and constructed
genre: 23, in a bar; 31, coarse ab-
sorption in card playing; and 28,
the puppets broken on the wheel
and cast into a rubbish heap (Ab-
ba Khoushy Community Centre,
Haifa) Till Dec. 1.

Sima woodcuts in Chicago

A COMPREHENSIVE exhibition
of woodcuts by Jerusalem painter
and graphic artist Miron Sima is
on display at the Spertus Museum
of Judaica, Chicago, until
January 1.

Sima was born in 1902 in
Proskurov, Russia. A successful
member of the Dresden Art Socie-
ty, he was denounced and expelled
by the Nazi rise to power in 1938.
He came to Palestine in 1935.

Sima's first woodcuts in the
show date to 1924. Shortly after he
arrived in Dresden, he executed a
series of woodcuts entitled
"Scream." These were motivated
by the grim impressions of the
post-war inflation and the
awakening Nazism, and haunted
by recollections of terrible
pogroms which he had witnessed
in Proskurov.

Sima continued to produce
many lithographs, but it was only
in 1952, during his first visit to the
U.S., that he again created wood-
cuts. Among them are two series,
"Old City of Jerusalem" and "Old
Boston."

In the mid-1950s, in a radical
departure from the traditional
woodcut, Sima began to experi-
ment with a type of collage print.
His developed technique produces
an image built up from various
pieces, using as a support either
woodblock or cardboard. A diver-
sity of material is incorporated to
enrich the surface and achieve a
maximum of picturesque expres-
sion. Cloth, string, wire as well as



Sima: "The Bride" (woodcut).
wood and other natural elements
such as dried leaves and flowers
are used.

The composition makes careful
use of, and emphasizes the par-
ticular characteristics of, the
wood grain and of the other
materials. Each colour run
through the press uses only a few
of the fragments adhered to a sup-
port used for that colour alone.
The final print is a series of
superimposed images, requiring
as many as 30 runs through the
press. The process is technically
difficult, but the artist is at liberty
to change his composition at any
point.

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How to conserve energy (without really suffering)

PERHAPS ENERGY WAVES are tripping. After the latest rise in fuel prices, I decided to call the new Ministry of Energy and Infrastructure to see if there are plans afoot to encourage the saving of energy on the household consumer level. The Ministry's reply was, in effect, "We were about to call you." They are on the verge of launching a massive public information campaign on the subject, and their spokeswoman arranged an advance interview for me with the head of the Energy Conservation Authority, Engineer C. Bronstein.

My first question to him was one of general philosophy. "Conservation" is often associated with belt-tightening, austerity, and other practices which make our lives less comfortable or less convenient. Is this what the Ministry has in mind?

Not at all, replied Mr. Bronstein. "We don't want to lower the standard of living or make life more difficult. What we want to attack is waste."

There was a blatant example of waste right in the room where I was interviewing Mr. Bronstein. In a modern building within the Petroleum Institute complex in Tel Aviv. On a sunny morning we were sitting with the electric light on — because the architects had designed the room with only one narrow window. At least it was fluorescent lighting, which uses 30 to 40 per cent less electricity than ordinary bulbs to give the same amount of light.

At the direct consumer level, the ministry's approach for the time being will be mainly through information and persuasion. As we enter winter, for instance, the public will be told a number of conservation facts about heating, such as those explained to me by Bronstein, whose particular field is heating and cooling. (The minister, Yitzhak Moda'i, is himself a chemical engineer.)

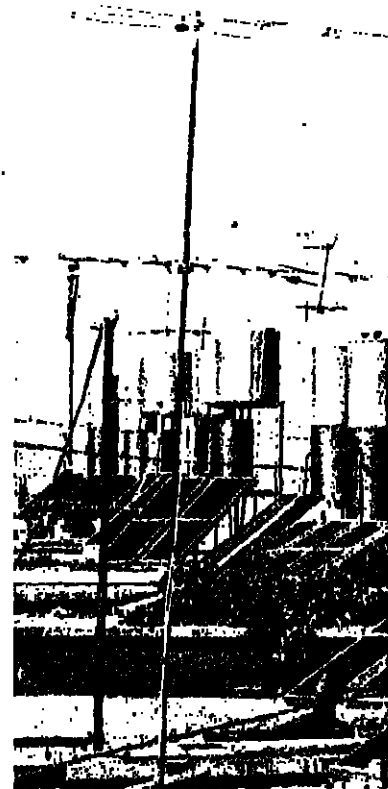
FOR INSTANCE, an air conditioner with a heating pump — what is known in the trade as a reverse cycle air-conditioner — is one of the most economical ways to heat your home. It is two-and-a-half to three times cheaper to use in terms of output than other electrical heating devices.

If you don't own an air conditioner, of course, it is an expensive proposition to buy one. A unit which costs approximately \$150 to \$200 in the United States costs the equivalent of \$600 here — largely because of the tax component. The Ministry of Energy would like to see the price brought down — "but we don't know if Ehrlich will agree," said Mr. Bronstein.

As to the relative costs of air conditioner heat and central heat from furnaces using heavy fuel oil. Mr. Bronstein said they would be about the same — "if the central heating furnaces worked at reasonable efficiency, about 85 per cent."

Unfortunately, he said, most central heating furnaces in Israel operate at only 50 per cent efficiency — which, apart from wasting fuel, results in smoke and soot pollution. The Energy Conservation Authority is conducting a campaign to encourage furnace technicians to teach them to get the maximum efficiency from these burners.

According to Mr. Bronstein, if you heat with electricity, steam



MARKETING
WITH MARTHA

radiators, or any smokeless agent, you don't need to open windows for ventilation, and this will conserve your heat. Many people will disagree with this, I'm sure, since we are used to having "a breath of fresh air" along with our heating.

On the other hand, all too many of our homes get gusts of fresh air unintentionally around the poorly sealed windows and sliding doors. Proper insulation is really best done along with original construction — but homeowners will be doing themselves and the country a good turn if they add weatherstripping or other insulation materials to their property.

PERSUADING CITIZENS that it is both for their personal financial advantage and that of the country as a whole to conserve energy is, indeed, the object of the forthcoming publicity campaign. A prime example will be the encouragement of water heating by means of energy from the sun.

Recent reductions in purchase tax have not brought down the prices of solar heating equipment, but have kept them from rising more than they would have otherwise. (About IL400 in purchase tax was removed, but imported components went up in price and so did VAT.)

At today's prices, a solar water heating unit (absorption plates, tank, pipes and installation) will run between IL4,500 and IL6,000 plus VAT per household. By comparison, electric boilers from major manufacturers are about IL1,500 to IL2,000 plus VAT.

The Ministry of Energy believes that the saving in electricity bills over the years — plus a pinch of patriotism — will be sufficient incentive to encourage more Israelis to go over to sunshine as a fuel source for the hot water.

Commercial firms manufacturing and marketing solar heaters estimate the time to recoup your investment at three to four years. Mr. Bronstein puts the breakeven point a little

higher, but says that, properly maintained, a good quality solar heating unit should serve a household well for 10 to 15 years without any major replacements. According to Mr. Bronstein, a solar heating system will not provide for total domestic hot water needs but it should supply 80 per cent, the rest being supplied by a backup electrical device, or, in the case of a central hot-water system, preferably by fuel oil.

NOT EVERY EXPERT, of course, agrees that the personal financial saving in electricity is great enough even today to offset the high initial outlay for a solar-heating system for water. When I visited the Israel Standards Institution's Mechanics Laboratory, to find out about standards for sun heaters, I heard a different opinion from the laboratory head, Alex Moisesescu.

He said the "economic worth of the investment in a sun heater to the individual family is still unclear," and suggested there be an independent study of this. When comparing the prices of electric and solar water-heaters, he says, one should take into account such factors as the high return on money invested in securities (about 40 per cent a year). He did this — and in his own new home, recently installed a conventional electric boiler rather than a solar unit.

He admits, however, that for a family that likes to have constant hot water, or "has a lot of children who take a lot of baths," a solar heater would pay for itself in the long run. And he does not deny that for the national economy, solar energy would be preferable, "because oil is dependency."

Many, many families in Israel — perhaps more than in any other country — already heat their water with sunshine. According to Mr. Bronstein's figures, nearly one family in every three in Israel heats its water with solar energy. There are 470,000 electric hot-water boilers in the country, compared with 237,000 sun heaters. Another 99,000 families live in apartment buildings with central hot water, generally heated by heavy fuel oil.

THIS LAST SYSTEM is the most wasteful for the national economy. This is not because fuel oil costs more for heating water than electricity does — it actually costs 10 per cent less per litre of water heated. But in buildings with central hot water, individual families do not have their own metres for hot water, and are charged a flat rate, no matter how much they consume. The tendency is, studies show, to waste hot water.

"In buildings with central hot water, three times more hot water is used per family than where people heat their own hot water by electric boilers in their flats," Mr. Bronstein said. He is not against central hot water, but feels that individual metres should be obligatory. His ministry will propose legislation to this effect, he said.

In the field of legislation, the Energy Authority would like to make central hot-water systems utilizing solar energy mandatory equipment in all new dwelling houses.

Martha Meisescu

(To be continued next week.)

The Weekend Dry Bones

A RECENTLY UNCOVERED PAGE IN MID-EAST HISTORY.

... AS YET UNDECIPHERED!

